

GEOGRAPHICAL MAGAZINE

**GRANDSONS of
JENGHIS KHAN**

**MAPPING THE
HIMALAYAS**

**CHAD: FREE FRANCE
in AFRICA**

Photogravure Supplement

**WONDERS of
ANCIENT EGYPT**

etc.

**AUTUMN
NUMBER**

1/6

ALL CLASSES OF INSURANCE TRANSACTED

CAR & GENERAL INSURANCE CORPORATION, **L^{TD.}**

83 PALL MALL, LONDON, S.W.1



*Passenger
& Cargo
Services*

**ELLERMAN'S
CITY & HALL
LINES
TO
INDIA &
CEYLON**

**UNITED
KINGDOM
U.S.A. & CANADA
to
Mediterranean
Levant, Sudan,
Persian Gulf, South
and East Africa,
India, Burma,
Malaya, Java, the
Far East and
Australasia.**

**ELLERMAN
AND
BUCKNALL
LINE
TO
SOUTH &
EAST
AFRICA**

Tudor Court, Fairmile Park Road, Cobham, Surrey
Tower Building - - - - - Liverpool
Woodbank Hotel, - - - - - Balloch, Dumbartonshire

WILLS AND TRUSTS

In acting as an executor or trustee, the Westminster Bank aims at putting itself in the position of a private trustee. It is therefore its practice to employ the family solicitor, if there is one, or any other solicitor the client may name; by such means the Bank succeeds in combining domestic tradition with business efficiency. A book showing the advantages of corporate executorship and the terms of appointment may be had at any branch of the Bank

WESTMINSTER BANK LIMITED

Temporary Headquarters:

PRIORY MANSIONS, BATH ROAD,
BOURNEMOUTH

*but new business proposals and matters of urgency
may still be discussed at*

53 THREADNEEDLE STREET, E.C.2

Trustee Offices also in

BRISTOL, LIVERPOOL, MANCHESTER
AND PICCADILLY

Chad: Free France in Africa

by P. O. LAPIE

We are particularly glad to give our readers an impression of the Chad country from the pen of Captain Lapie because he is a Frenchman as deeply devoted to the best traditions of France in the past as he is anxious to serve the Free France of the future. Journalist, author, barrister, Deputy for Meurthe and Moselle, Vice-President of the Spears Franco-British Committee, Liaison Officer with the B.E.F. in France in 1939 and with the Royal Navy in Norway, recipient of the Croix de Guerre, he reached England from Brest in late June and has since been associated with General de Gaulle. His voice is familiar to listeners who tune in to the B.B.C. French Service

THE chances of war which brought us towards the North Pole in April have now carried us into the Tropics. Lake Chad suddenly became front-page news when, as the first of the French colonies to rally to the cause of the resurrection of France and her Empire, it declared its adherence to General de Gaulle's Forces of Free France.

Many people in England are asking, "What is this Chad country? We have never heard of it." For though they are fairly familiar with the geography of the British Empire, they know little about that of the French Empire.

I have often, lately, been asked questions about Chad. Happily a personal visit to it has put me in a good position to answer them.

What is the Chad country like? What do the people there do? How important is it? This is the sort of question I am constantly asked. I propose to try to answer it in the columns of this Magazine. I shall best describe the country by reviving memories of my own visit to it.

About two years ago I was returning from the Congo. I had left Brazzaville, the capital of French Congo, a few days earlier. We had flown over the great monotonous forest region. A cyclone had deflected us from our course when crossing the Equator, over Coquilhatville. I had seen Bangui and its cliff, the boundary of the great forest and the savannah. I had taken part in the famous hunting parties of Fort-Archambault. The whole morning we had been following the course of the

Chari which runs into Lake Chad, a winding green river with hippopotami on its islands and alligators on its banks. As the trees of the savannah were sparse and the grass at that season had not grown high, we were able to see Kobu antelope, ostrich and giraffe. At last a cloud of mist appeared on the horizon, marking the position of Lake Chad in the ochre-coloured desert. We came down lower and lower and finally landed on the red clay aerodrome of Fort Lamy.

I was immediately struck by the difference in the air: the oppressiveness of the Equator was exchanged for the exhilara-



Stanford, London.



All photographs from 'African Mirage' (Batsford)

Hoyningen-Huene

Portrait of a Chad woman, her oiled hair arranged in innumerable small plaits. She and her people are among those affected by the French Governor's gallant decision to fight on for freedom

tion of open spaces. A breeze ruffled the garments of the Arabs on the landing ground. A young doctor in wide trousers advanced to meet us, accompanied by a panther. Native hucksters squatted beside their wares: knives, baskets, and gazelle horns.

A car took me into the town. On the edge of the landing-ground, on a sort of semi-hardened sand dune, a Moor occasionally appeared, in a close-wrapped blue robe, like a statue of Night in that sunlit countryside.

The market-place, of shining sand, presented a collection of brightly coloured cotton stuffs imported from Europe, displayed by half-naked saleswomen whose oiled hair was arranged in innumerable small plaits. The Residency is ancient,

built by one of the early military commandants. Surrounded by flowers, it looks out over the river. Walking by the waterside, we spoke of past days in Chad, and discussed the present.

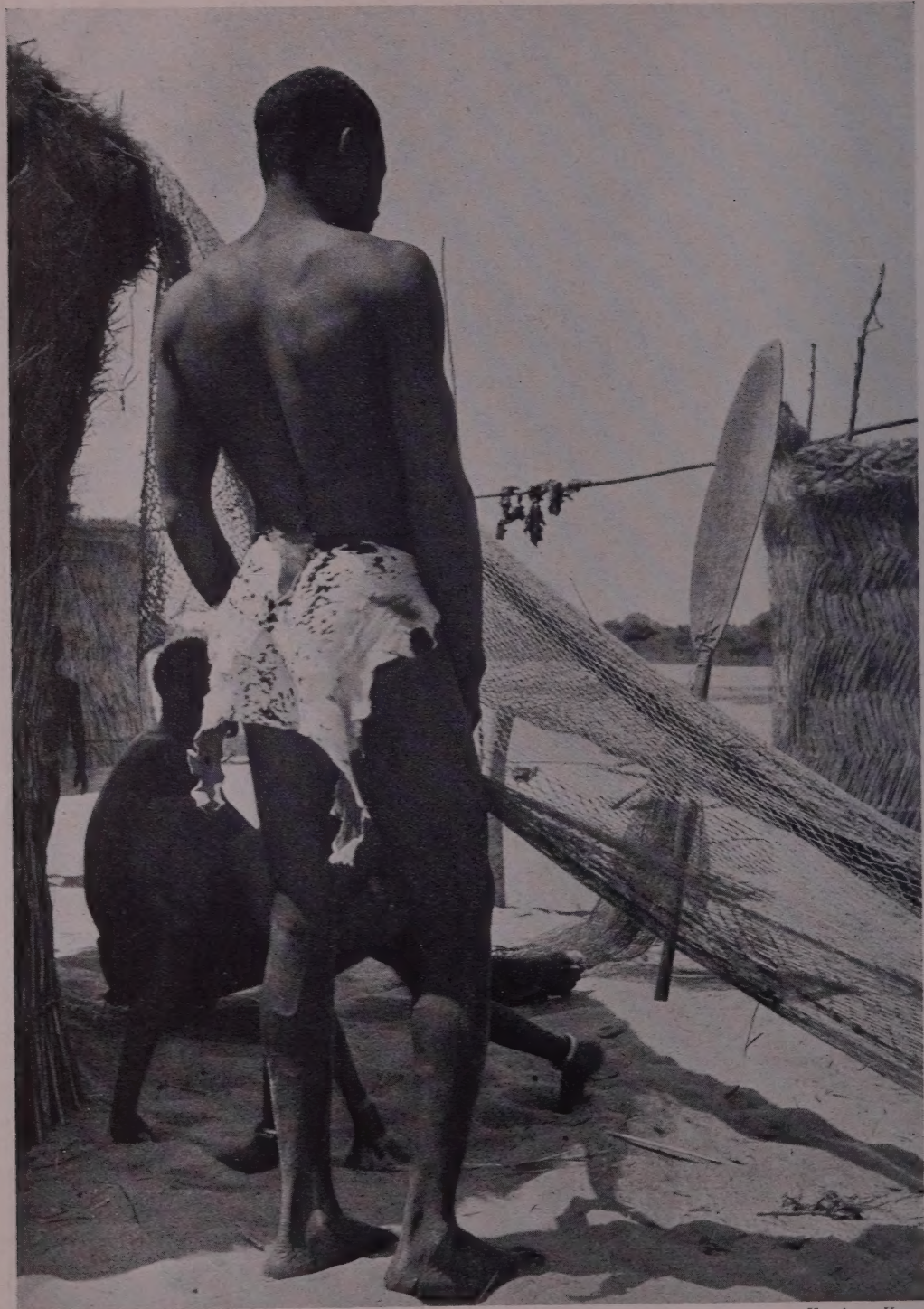
Local bards celebrate conquerors of old in song: they sing of Saêfe, who subjugated Kanem and Bornu; of Idreis III, who built up an empire; of Bernim-Bessé, founder of Baguirmi; of Gaourang, who was its most famous N'Bang (Sultan); of Abd El Krim, king of Ouadai; of Gentil, conqueror of the famous bandit, Rabeh, who had terrorized Central Africa for years. The names of French Generals are thus mingled in tradition and hearsay with those of emperors of olden days.

A British chartered company—the United African—once controlled the whole



Hoyningen-Huene

Women in Fort Lamy market squatting beside their pots of spices, goat-cheese, milk, dried fish and meat, etc. The Chad territory is a melting-pot of African races and they all come to this market in their capital



Hoyningen-Huene

A fisherman of the Logone River. Fishing is one of the main occupations of the district. The background here shows some of the local habitations—round houses, made of papyrus reeds



Hoyningen-Huene

Music is much heard in Chad. These musicians play upon xylophone-like instruments to which plumes and rows of protruding pumpkins are fastened. Tunes are low, soft and rich and have neither beginning nor end but repeat themselves over and over again without losing their freshness

of the lower Niger and monopolized the negro kingdom of Sokoto in the north. By the treaty of 1890 France obtained, as the frontier which demarcated the French and British spheres of influence, a line running from Say on the Niger to Barroua on Lake Chad.

In 1888, French Congo was a large but sparsely populated colony, covered with marshy forests, unhealthy and very difficult to develop. An effort was therefore made to expand to the north-west and to open a passage to the Chad and Nile regions. It was with a view to making this expansion that the Comité de l'Afrique française in 1890 entrusted Crampel, the explorer, with a mission to

find a route into Algeria via Oubangui and Lake Chad, starting from Gabon.

Following the Fashoda incident, the respective spheres of French and British influence were defined by a Convention of March 21, 1899. The English sphere included the whole of the valley of the Nile and its affluents; the French sphere extended north-west as far as Lake Chad and east to the watershed of the Nile and the Congo. The Mohammedan state of Ouadai thus went to France and that of Darfur to Great Britain.

The extension of French Congo to the north, in the Chad region, was a particularly difficult task. Rabeh, the powerful negro bandit chief to whom I have



Hoyningen-Huene

A Chad belle, sensible of the perfection of her coiffeur looks cynically at—

already referred, had created an empire for himself in the Chari valley and barred the way to the French. Members of the Crampel Mission, arrived on the banks of the Chari, were massacred by bands of Senussi in the service of this black emperor. Four years later the Clozel and Gentil Mission were more fortunate; they succeeded in finding a route which gave access to Lake Chad, but it was obvious that nothing could be done in this region until Rabeh's empire was destroyed.

In 1900, therefore, three columns set out for the shores of Lake Chad: one, the Foureau and Lamy Mission, started from Algeria across the Sahara; the second, the Joalland Mission, came in from Senegal, and the third, the Gentil Mission, from the Congo. In spite of difficulties which can well be imagined they effected a junction, and on April 28, 1901, they fought a pitched battle against Rabeh's army.

This battle was decisive: Rabeh was killed, his empire broken up and transformed into a territory under the Military Governorship of "countries and protectorates of Chad".

Police operations were necessary for a further ten years; in the Lake Chad region, French territory was ceaselessly raided by the Sultan of Ouadai in conjunction with the Mohammedan confraternity of the Senussi. Finally, as the result of organized expeditions in 1909 and 1910 against the Ouadaï, Abécher, their capital, was occupied by the French and in 1911 the Sultan capitulated.

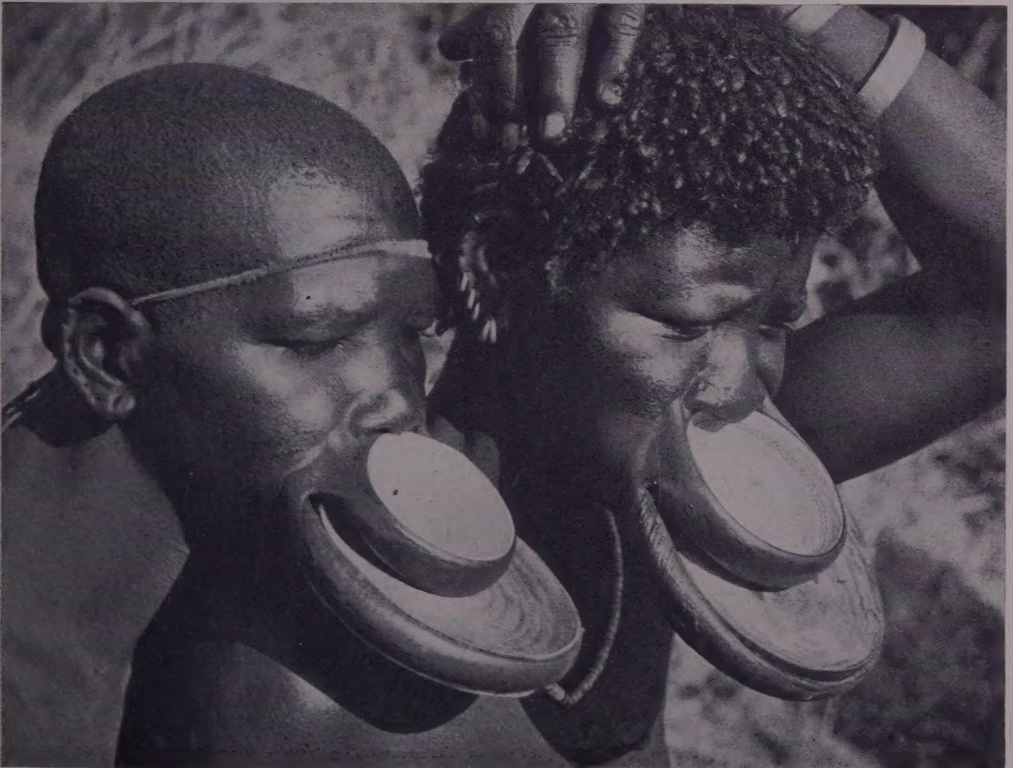
Thus France enjoyed dominion throughout the sphere of influence she had been granted by the Treaty of 1899 with Great Britain, and consolidated her power by occupying Borkou and Tibesti. It was from Chad that the French expedition of 1914 set out to take the German

Cameroons, in cooperation with an English expedition from Nigeria.

The Chad territory thus conquered stretches from Libya in the north to French Equatorial Africa in the south, from the Sudan in the east to French West Africa, Nigeria, and the Cameroons in the west. It comprises over 385,000 square miles.

Apart from Tibesti, which is of volcanic origin and stands out in bold relief, stretching in two directions like the Pyrenees, its highest peak the dazzling Emi Koussi (11,300 feet) jagged and seamed with ravines, the vast area of high ground which originally formed the plateau of Chad has been flattened by the waters of many streams and by wind erosion.

The territory takes its name from the lake, forty-two times larger than the Lake of Geneva, which lies at the mouth of the river Chari. It is shallowest at its eastern end, as is shown by the islands, of firm land on this side, which stand higher out of the water as they approach the Kanem bank. They are covered with dunes, formed of sand deposited by the wind called *her-mattant*. There are no islands on the western side, or rather, only 'water-isles', shallows where papyrus and ambachs grow in four and a half feet of water. Canoes are used on the Lake. They are made of reeds bound together, in shape like long cigars, with raised prows. The natives propel them with poles, five or six metres long, and in calm weather they reach a speed of two miles per hour. In



Hoyningen-Huene

—two femmes à plateaux, from the south, who could not hope for a husband without such macabre beautification



Hoyningen-Huene

Dancers of Fort Crampel gyrating in slow rhythm to the throb of the tom-tom, with bodies heavily greased and painted scarlet. They dance to celebrate the death of a large python



Hoyningen-Huene

A Hausa girl. Hausas are the 'Commercial Travellers' of Central Africa, whose language is spoken in the markets: through them news of Chad's decision to fight on is fast spreading



Hoyningen-Huene

A girl of the Sarra tribe, who grow cotton for the French Government and are thus among the most prosperous of the Chad people

certain parts hippopotami abound and large white oxen with enormous bulbous horns live on the islands, swimming from one pasture to another.

The Lake and its banks change greatly in appearance between the sandy undulations of the Kanem side and the mimosa-covered dunes of Borkou, owing to the alluvial deposit brought by the rivers. "The river soil", the natives say, "always

eats the Lake on the same side". Between the Chari and the Logone rivers the ground is cut up by multitudes of small water channels which the natives call *minia*.

In these parts, the population is large and varied. The Chad territory is the most densely populated part of French Equatorial Africa, with 1,300,000 inhabitants. It is the home of the warrior Toubouris,

with their conical caps which are sometimes surmounted by the lyre-shaped horns of the wild antelope. Their great shields of skin and wicker-work stand half the height of their bodies. Here, too, are the Foulbés, horsemen whose mounts, in peace and war, are caparisoned with stuffs ornamented with triangular patterns. And here are naked Ouadai women who carry their babies on their backs, Balali women decked out in brocaded stuff, and Babandas who wear shell necklaces and believe they improve their looks by covering their faces with cicatrices.

Chad is the point of fusion between the races which came in from the East and the West—between the Arabs from the Red Sea, the people of the Niger and the more ancient black races. There is no unity of race: black and white are mingled, but the scale of civilization rises as one moves from south to north. Arabs, Fulani men from Bornu, Hausas, Ouadi, Baguirmians, Tebous, or Garanes have been Islamized. The Saras-Lakkas, the Kanembous and the Mondanis are fetish-worshippers. The Arabs did not go beyond the point at which horses cannot live.

All these people are pastoralists, fishermen or farmers. The only industry apart from the primitive occupations of flock-tending and the cultivation of millet and sorghum is the extraction of *natron* (crystallized carbonate of soda) from the marshes which border the Lake: about three or four hundred tons are exported yearly.

Cotton is spun for the making of native garments in the villages, and there are also leather-workers, who out of sheepskin make saddles and harness which they dye orange, black, blue and yellow. Blacksmiths are to be found throughout the region, making hoes and spades, swords and lances, the latter sometimes finely chiselled and damascened. The iron comes from the Lakka plateau and from the Mobaye and Koumra districts.

* * *

Such is the background of events that we discussed in the shadow of the cube-shaped houses of Fort Lamy, on the banks of the river Logone where it runs into Lake Chad. In conclusion, the Administrator who explained all these things to me recited a Baguirmi folk-poem:

Long ago, if I had only known,
I should have married the Sultan or his
children,
And then I would have had nothing to
regret.

Long ago, if I had only known,
I should have married a holy marabout at
Abougerli,
And then I would have had nothing to
regret.

Long ago, if I had only known,
I should have married into the millet-
beaters of Balao,
And then I would never have lacked for
millet.

Long ago, if I had only known,
I should have married into the butter-
beaters of Bideri,
And then I would never have lacked for
butter.

Long ago, if I had only known,
I should have married in Massenia,
Where all the women wear a skirt with a
train.

Long ago, if I had only known, I should
have married in Massenia, where the men
make their horses rear in honour of
women,
And then I would have had nothing to
regret.

O, mother, if I had only known, I should have
married near the river, among the people
who have fish,
And then I would never have lacked for
fish.

Alas, long ago, if I had only known . . .
I would have had nothing to regret.

Van Gogh

A Dutch Painter in Provence

by RAYMOND MORTIMER

Never has the influence of a country on a painter been more dramatically exercised than it was by France on Van Gogh: the exhilaration and intoxication France aroused in him brought his talent to life. Provence, as Mr Mortimer says, has since been painted by thousands of artists, but Van Gogh still stands as incomparably its best interpreter. In describing all but a few of his pictures here we have used the painter's own words—and he was an artist in words too

SUNFLOWERS blaze, where Monarchs of the Glen used to rule, Van Gogh's Sunflowers, pouring out inexhaustibly the fervent noonday light of the Mediterranean. This has become the most popular in England of all pictures, perhaps because it deputizes for our too often clouded sun. Van Gogh has thus won the widest fame here of 'modern' painters.

Thirty years ago he was hardly known in this country. Some of his pictures were shown at the first Post-Impressionist Exhibition, and a few critics like Roger Fry and Clive Bell proclaimed him a great master. But most visitors to the Exhibition were infuriated. It was scandalous, they proclaimed, that such pictures be shown, they were hideous, they were unhealthy, they were immoral. Ladies wearing feather boas brandished their indignant parasols, gentlemen in tall hats waxed apoplectic, or exploded into paroxysms of laughter. The Show was a practical joke! And in the worst of taste! How could anyone be taken in by it! Cézanne, Van Gogh, Gauguin, Picasso, Matisse—they must all be lunatics! Then they learnt that Van Gogh had indeed been mad; and, chuckling complacently, proved right beyond all doubt, the sophisticated Londoners went away to admire those wonderful pictures by dear Mr de Laszlo.

It was a good joke, while it lasted—but it has been expensive for their heirs. If they had bought a painting by the madman, instead of laughing at it, it would go a long way now towards paying

the death-duties. And the Laszlo, alas, hardly fetches a tenner in the sale-room. A little reflection would have been useful. Swift was mad, Schumann was mad, Nietzsche was mad, Blake was mad. Look at Van Gogh's life, and you can see that he was a most remarkable man as well as a most remarkable painter.

He was born in 1853 in Holland, the son of a Protestant pastor. One of his uncles was an admiral, three others were art-dealers, and at the age of sixteen he began to work in his uncles' art-gallery. Four years later he came to the London office of the firm. An unhappy love-affair concentrated his energies upon religion. He became inattentive, and even rude, to his clients, and in 1876 he gave up his post, and tried to earn his living as a school-master. He preached, meanwhile, in conventicles in the London suburbs—but he had a halting delivery and a grotesque foreign accent, so that we cannot suppose him to have had much success with the good Dissenters of Turnham Green. Next he worked in a bookshop at Dordrecht, but the urgency of his religion soon drove him to a Protestant seminary in Brussels. Thence he went to preach in the Belgian mining country called the Borinage, near Mons, where he lived in extreme austerity and poverty. He slept in a hovel and rubbed his face with soot to identify himself completely with the miserable men and women to whom he was devoting himself. Intensity of belief and utter self-surrender were the distinguishing marks of Van Gogh throughout his life. If he had



Arles. "I have a new subject in hand. fields green and yellow as far as the eye reaches . . . it is by no means as yet finished, but it kills the rest I have, excepting one patiently worked still-life"

remained a missionary, these might have won for him the celebrity of a saint.

But already he was beginning to paint. He had no training, and at first, he honestly believed that his object was only to record the scandalous distresses of the oppressed workers in this Blackest of countries. But he had been obeying too literally the injunctions of Christ; he had given all he had, even his clothes, and his bed, to the poor; and the Protestant authorities did not approve. He was dismissed; he wandered into France, begging his way, sleeping on haystacks in the wintry night; he meditated; he turned his burning faith from religion to art. For a while he lived at home, and there was another unhappy love. Then he settled

at the Hague, and took a prostitute to live with him—but this again was an act of mysticism, reminding one of Alyosha in *The Brothers Karamazov*. In extreme poverty he looked after her, while she bore a child (not his), and then this dream faded, and he went to live in the country, to be at one with the peasants. But now he was painting with passion. He went to a class at Antwerp, and at last, in March 1886, he came to Paris, to live with his brother Theo.

It is to Theo's love, self-sacrifice and perspicacity that the world owes the riches of Van Gogh's art. Every centime that he could save from his meagre salary—he worked in an art-gallery—he gave to keep his brother alive. He gave him untir-

ing sympathy, and encouragement. The letters Van Gogh wrote to him occupy three large volumes, and can most conveniently be read in a book called *Dear Theo* (Constable), in which they have been abbreviated and shorn of their repetitions. From these most moving letters we derive a fascinating and vivid picture of the artist's interior life. Painters usually have a gift for writing, just as they usually have a gift for cooking. (I have noticed that even bad painters are good cooks.) Van Gogh's letters are hardly less extraordinary than his pictures.

He began painting in 1881, at the age of twenty-eight, but most of his earliest works are lost. There are, however, a number of dark pictures, of which the most famous is the *Potato-Eaters*, a group of peasants feeding like animals, gross and

disgusting. Until he went to Paris, Van Gogh painted as it were with the mud of the Flemish plain, to express the gloom and squalor of agriculture in the sodden and sunless North.

Paris was a revelation, a thunderbolt, a re-birth. The sun gave to the trees and rivers a brilliance unknown to him, and for the first time he saw pictures by the Impressionists. The iridescence of Renoir and Sisley and Monet, the sharpness of Degas, the violent realism of Manet, pointed the way. Moreover, Van Gogh came to know Gauguin, Seurat, Lautrec and the younger generation. He delighted too in the Japanese colour-prints, then still known only to a few artists and connoisseurs. Absorbing these various influences, exhilarated by a new landscape, intoxicated by a new liberty, Van Gogh



"I am in a frenzy of work, for the trees are in flower and I want to paint a Provençal orchard of a monstrous gaiety"



Cologne. Walbrat-Richartz Museum

A drawbridge at Arles which Van Gogh especially liked because it reminded him of his native Holland

almost immediately found his own style. He built up his pictures, plaiting, like a basket-maker with his osiers, strands of brilliant colour. The rapidity and the certainty of this revolution in his art make one of the miracles in the history of painting. His fertility is equally amazing. He had less than five years still to live, and in this time he was to paint some three hundred and fifty pictures.

After less than a year in Paris he went to Arles. It was February, and the sunlight of Provence was at once an inebriation. Some of his first pictures from Arles show snow, but already the almond-trees are rosy, and soon he is overwhelmed by the magnificence of a Southern spring.

When old Corot said a few days before his death, "Last night I saw in a dream landscapes with skies all rose"—well haven't

they come, those skies of rose, and yellow and green into the bargain, in the impressionist landscapes?

This was what he painted, and at the same time he remembered Holland, for three times he made pictures of a drawbridge, a fragment as it were of his native country which he found near Arles, emerging and glorified by the Mediterranean sun. Then come a series of orchards, pink orchards and white orchards, peaches, apricots and apples blossoming in a delicate riot against the blue, green and white of the sky. The soil is lilac; the roofs orange; the only dark relief in this clamour of gaiety comes from the cypresses. Again and again they punctuate his pictures, the cypresses, like exclamation marks. "In line and in proportion," he writes, "as beautiful as an



"Oh, my dear Theo, if you could see the olive-groves just now! The leaves like old silver, and silver turning to green against the blue, and the orange-coloured ploughed earth. . . . The middle of an olive-grove has something very secret in it and immensely old. It is too beautiful for us to dare to paint it or to be able to imagine it."



Amsterdam: V. W. van Gogh

Fishing boats at Saintes-Maries-de-la-Mer. "On the beach quite flat and sandy, were a number of smallish green, red and blue boats, so delightful both in shape and colour that they made me think of flowers"

Egyptian obelisk. And the green has such a quality apart." Then there are the olives:

Oh, my dear Theo, if you could see the olive-groves just now! The leaves like old silver, and silver turning to green against the blue, and the orange-coloured ploughed earth. . . . The rustle of an olive grove has something very secret in it and immensely old. It is too beautiful for us to dare to paint it or to be able to imagine it.

He did dare, of course—but not till he had been placed in a madhouse.

Meanwhile he made an expedition to Saintes-Maries-de-la-Mer, and saw for the first time (for the last also, I think) the great Mediterranean.

You go by diligence across the Camargue, grass plains where there are herds of bulls and little white horses, half-wild and very beautiful. The Mediterranean has the colours of mackerel—changeable, I mean. You don't always know if it is green or violet, you can't even say it's blue, because the next moment the changing light has taken on a tinge of rose colour or grey.

Saintes-Maries is a strange and memorable little town. St Mary Magdalen and St Mary the mother of James, according to the legend, arrived there miraculously with their black servant, Sarah, and it has since time immemorial been the great pilgrimage-place of the gypsies. Every May they come from all over France and Spain to celebrate their semi-pagan festival

in honour of the two Mariés and Sarah, and in the crypt of the church there is an image hung with old ribbons and tattered laces and dirty handkerchiefs and sad faded photographs, left there in case the saint should forget their swarthy donors. Even so does one see rags tied to bushes in the holy places of Islamic countries. The church is strongly fortified, for this coast was exposed to the ferocious forays of the Barbary pirates.

Back in the heart of Provence, Van Gogh found the merciless heat of the dog-days, with no tempering breeze from the sea.

Instinctively in these days I keep remembering what I have seen of Cézanne,

because he has exactly caught the worst side of Provence. It has become very different from what it was in spring, and yet I certainly have no less love for this countryside burnt up as it begins to be from now on. Everywhere is old gold, bronze—copper, one might say—and with this the green azure of the sky blanched with heat: a delicious colour, extraordinarily harmonious with the blended tones of a Delacroix. . . .

If coming home with my canvas I say to myself, "Look, I've got the very tones of old Cézanne", I only mean that Cézanne's so absolutely part of the countryside, and knows it so intimately, that you must make the same calculations in your head to arrive at the same tones.



Paris. The Louvre

"A little study of a halt of gipsy caravans, red and green carts, which meet with approval as being 'quite the modern thing', from our most illustrious second lieutenant of Zouaves"



Magdeburg. Kaiser-Friedrich Museum

"A rough sketch I did of myself, laden with boxes, props, a canvas, on the sunny road to Tarascon"

In the autumn, again, his thoughts go to the great Aix master:

I have a study of two yellowing poplars against a background of mountains, and a view of the park here, an autumn effect where the drawing is a little more naïf and more—at home. Altogether it is difficult to leave a country before you have done

something to prove that you have felt and loved it. For you must feel the whole of a country. Isn't it that which distinguishes a Cézanne from anything else?

Provence has since been painted by thousands of artists, but Cézanne and Van Gogh remain incomparably its best interpreters. The difference between their



Tate Gallery

Sunflowers: the glow of the Provençal sun gives life to the most popular of Van Gogh's pictures

interpretations can hardly be exaggerated: Cézanne was a native, and as Van Gogh was wise enough to perceive, "felt" the whole of the country, was himself "absolutely part of the countryside". The Dutchman approached Provence not with the understanding of a son but with the intoxication of a lover. As a man finds his mistress's eyes the bluest in the world, her hair a gold unparalleled, so Van Gogh saw the cornfields and sunflowers of Provence more yellow, the sky a more dazzling azure.

These colours give me extraordinary exaltation. I have no thought of fatigue. I shall do another picture this very night, and I shall bring it off. I have a terrible

lucidity at moments when nature is so beautiful. I am not conscious of myself any more, and the pictures come to me as in a dream.

He brought to his painting an intensity of concentration that has never been surpassed. As the Saints lived in God, Van Gogh lived in colour. "The emotions", he writes, "are sometimes so strong that one works without knowing one works. . . . Sometimes the strokes come with a sequence and a coherence like words in a speech or a letter."

The famous pictures of sunflowers—there are seven or eight of them—are among the most conspicuous results of this felicitous fever. Built up in thick paint, almost like a bas-relief, the "changing or broken chromes" seem to have an organic life; the stems and petals writhe, and the picture still gives out the heat of the artist's imagination, so that one is tempted almost to put out one's hands to be warmed by their glow.

Such an expenditure of emotion could not be kept up. "I have been keeping myself going by coffee and alcohol. I admit all that, but it is true, all the same, that to attain the high yellow note that I attained last summer, I really had to be pretty well strung up." The story of the catastrophe is well known. In February 1888 he had come to Arles; in October Gauguin came to join him; in December Van Gogh threatened Gauguin with a razor in the street. Gauguin quelled him with a look, whereupon Van Gogh cut off his own ear, wrapped it up and took it to a girl in a brothel. "Here", he said, "is something to remember me by!"; he was taken home and nearly bled to death.

For a week or so he was a prey to horrible hallucinations, then he recovered, but there were further attacks, and in May he entered the lunatic asylum near St Rémy, some fifteen miles from Arles, where he remained for a year. "It is at bottom fairly true", he wrote to Theo from the asylum, "that a painter as a man is too much absorbed by what his eyes see, and is not sufficiently master of the rest of his life."

He was fully in possession of his senses, except for occasional attacks, and he painted well over a hundred pictures in the asylum—portraits of the chief warder and his wife, of a ward, of a patient; and he was allowed to go into the country to paint the cornfields and the mountains. His agitation is expressed in many of these

paintings in a turmoil of serpentine shapes, the cypresses flicker like wind-blown candle-flames; the sun glares, enormous; and the olives—those olives which once he dared not paint—seem to reflect, in their gnarled writhing limbs, the perturbed spirit of the segregated artist. Sometimes, when he could not go to a subject, he would paint versions in oil of engravings that he had by Millet or Delacroix or Doré, pictures that can be compared to orchestral transcriptions of piano-pieces. Sometimes again he would paint his memories, Dutch villages with rows of thatched cottages, or his bedroom at Arles, with the wooden bed and rush-seated chairs of which he had been so fond and proud.

Always Van Gogh was devastatingly poor, though Theo made every sacrifice to



Hamburg Museum

The courtyard of the Hospital at Arles. It was here that Van Gogh was treated when he cut off his ear

provide him with money. As Mr Burra says, in his excellent little monograph, one of his pictures now is worth more than all the money spent in the thirty-eight years of his life. Nobody, except his brother and one or two painters as poor as himself, perceived that his works were of any interest. Many he gave away, and these for the most part have disappeared. They were not thought worth keeping. Often he was unable to paint, because he could not afford to buy the tubes of colour.

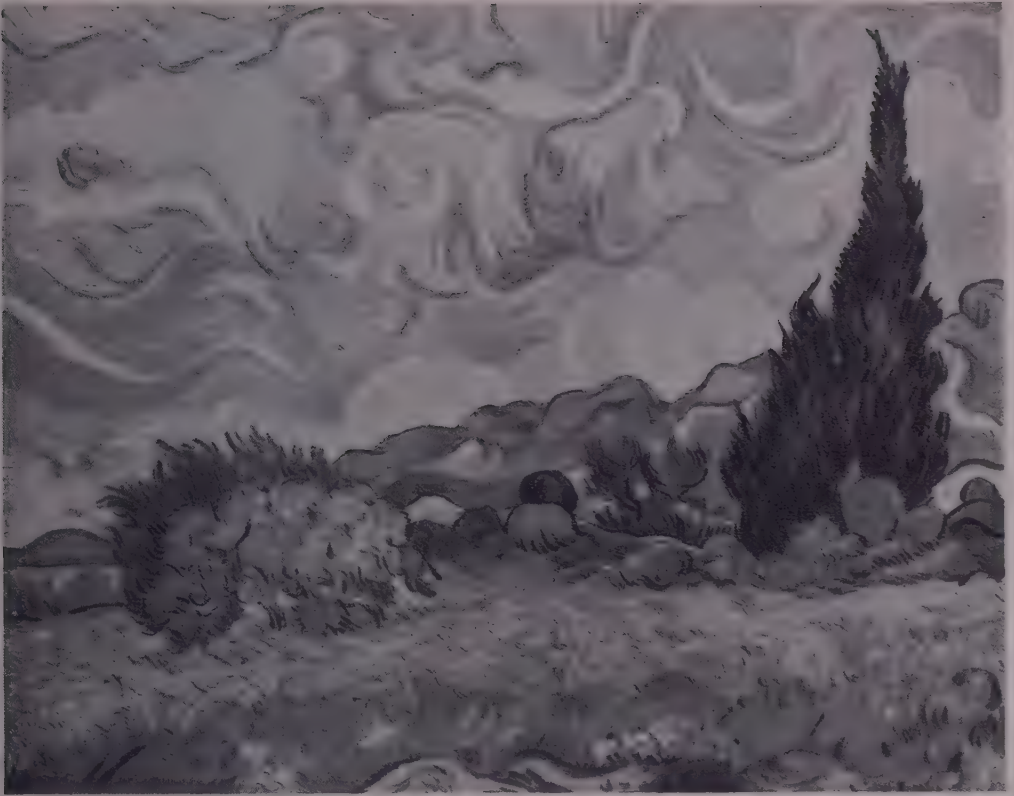
He was in the St Rémy asylum for a year. He never painted the Roman Triumphal Arch or the tall mausoleum which tourists come there to visit. But the neighbouring chain of hills, called the Alpilles, come again and again into his

pictures, and he was more and more interested in movement. The silhouette of the Alpilles, as he painted it, looks like a wave on the point of breaking: the violent wind of Provence, the mistral, bends and twists the trees. He caught on his canvas the rain driving down, the leaves as they fell in autumn slowly to the grass. He responded now more completely than ever before to the organic vitality of Nature, sympathizing with the perpetual effort of the gesticulating trees. Some of the flower-pieces of the St Rémy period, pink roses against a green background, violet irises against a background of yellow or of pink, must be placed among his most splendid achievements. He painted, young corn too, the grasses, with dande-



Kobe. Collection of Prince Matsugata

"When I saw my canvases again after my illness the one that seemed the best to me was the bedroom". Van Gogh painted this picture in the asylum at St Rémy in memory of his old bedroom at Arles



Tate Gallery

St Rémy: cornfields and cypresses. The agitated sky and wind-tormented trees are characteristic of Van Gogh in his more disturbed moods

lions and pretty weeds. These were happy moments when he realized Blake's *Auguries of Innocence*:

To see a World in a grain of sand,
And a Heaven in a wild flower,
Hold Infinity in the palm of your hand
And Eternity in an hour.

Then anguish would descend, and hallucinations:

The guests are scatter'd through the land,
For the eye altering alters all;
The senses roll themselves in fear,
And the flat earth becomes a ball;
The stars, sun, moon, all shrink away,
A desert vast without a bound,
And nothing left to eat or drink,
And a dark desert all around.

His longing to get away from the asylum became imperative. For one thing, the patients were given no work to do, and the spectacle of their inactivity appalled him. So his brother arranged for him to go to Auvers-sur-Oise, not far from Paris, in the north-west, where he could be under the eye of a doctor called Gachet, who was passionately interested in painting. A friend of Pissarro, and a collector of Impressionist pictures, he became an enthusiast for Van Gogh. He spent a lot of time with the painter, who lived at a café in the village, and it seemed that the unhappy genius had found a tranquil anchorage. But his brother's child became dangerously ill, and though it recovered, the anxiety preyed on Van

Gogh's too feverish imagination. He painted Dr Gachet and his family. He painted the village, with its low houses nestling in the northern greenery, chestnut blossoms, the fields of poppies, wild flowers, and ears of corn. He painted a tragic picture of ominous birds flying over storm-agitated cornfields, a picture that might be an illustration to King Lear: "Vast expanses of corn under troubled skies, and I did not need to feel at a loss trying to express sadness and the extreme of loneliness".

It was midsummer, but the sun seemed weak and very distant from the earth. Away from the South to which he had surrendered his heart, he felt his life

diminishing. He was, he wrote to his mother, in "almost too great a calm", a mood that corresponded with the landscape, "unbounded plains immense as the sea". I do not think he made any pictures of Provence from memory, the impulse was failing, with the beloved object out of sight. After two months, he went one evening into the country, shot himself, struggled home to his bedroom, where he lay smoking. Two days later he was dead. Dr Gachet laid upon the grave a great blaze of sunflowers.

Van Gogh's life is calculated to strengthen the common and most misleading notion of what painters are like—emotional, dissolute and crazy. In fact



Igné: private collection of G. Fayet

St Rémy. "The last study I've done is a view of the village, where they were busy repairing the pavements beneath some enormous plane-trees. So there are heaps of sand, stones and then the gigantic trunks . . . the foliage yellowing, and here and there glimpses of a house front, and of small figures"



After one of his worst attacks, Van Gogh wrote from St Rémy: "I am busy giving a final stroke to some things with a calm, sustained ardour. I have in hand a canvas of roses on a light green ground"

most of the greatest painters have been methodical men, who have lived serenely to a great age, too much absorbed in their painting to be distracted by any other form of intoxication. Cézanne, for instance, a far greater painter, I believe, than Van Gogh, lived with a regularity that would befit a banker or a clergyman. In Van Gogh it was not the painter who became mad, it was the mystic. If he had remained a missionary, he would surely have come to the same disastrous end. But this mysticism did give his pictures a quality that cannot be paralleled in the whole history of painting; an intensity of life that has prevailed over prejudices and

superficial difficulties, and carried his work into the hearts of hundreds of thousands of persons to whom most 'modern' art seems esoteric and unapproachable. For us in the North, especially, his paintings possess an irresistible fascination. They bring to us the skies and fields and flowers of the Mediterranean, as we remember them, or as we dream of them. To southern peoples the sun is known as a dangerous Apollo, parching all life; to us it is the source of all vigour and fertility. And Van Gogh, by capturing parcels of this divinity, acts as a priest in the old northern cultus, the adoration of the sun.

WONDERS OF ANCIENT EGYPT

Notes and Photographs by G. E. KIDDER SMITH

IN the pictures presented here we can see something of the evolution and background of ancient Egyptian architecture and in so doing get a glimpse of the people who produced it; for it is largely by its art and architecture that a people is known to posterity.

These early Egyptians were a cheerful, gay and family-loving race. On the lush banks of the Nile, they founded an indigenous art and culture that reflects at once their landscape and their personality.

A desire to surround themselves with representations of the bounties of nature that were all about them, and a supreme consciousness of the evolution of plant-forms which were at first actually embodied in their early constructions, resulted in an architecture full of stylized motifs derived from plants. Their columns were merely glorified stone copies of the wooden posts used in their huts; their capitals and cornices reveal a background definitely naturalistic. Moreover their ability in arranging and conventionalizing these natural forms often resulted in designs of great beauty and sophistication.

In building, a strong desire for permanence and a religious belief in the certainty of future preservation led to grandeur and impressive size, while the overwhelming Egyptian sun called for blank walls unpierced by openings or windows. Hence arose a strong, massive architecture, of forbidding exterior and square planar surface: an architecture of strength and endurance.

The ruins left to us are mostly those of the larger monuments, temples and tombs, for it was on these that the wealth and labours of the Pharaohs were lavished—encouraged by the powerful priest-class—and it was on these walls that they carved their exploits and conquests, for men of all time to see.

The main plan of these great temples, which were really accretions of the centuries and not homogeneous as were those of Greece, consists essentially of two huge pylons with a gate between, leading to a large, open, public court, surrounded by columns. Behind this was a screen-wall or 'hypostyle' of columns (see the fourth photogravure plate), that formed a shield to protect the sanctuary from the pollution of the public eye. The whole was surrounded by a wall, sometimes as much as thirty feet thick.

The large, open spaces were never covered, and when roofing was used it gave rise to a multi-columnar architecture; for the Egyptians were building for permanency, and hence used stone. Furthermore wood was scarce. The arch was known but never used openly, for æsthetic considerations precluded—correctly we may judge—such a form in the solid, mighty effect they desired to achieve; nor, again, would the arch-form belong to the flat lands near the Nile, or the bleak, crushing cliffs against which they sometimes placed their temples. Thus a trabeated architecture—that is to say one in which beams rather than vaults or arches were used—arose, the small tensile strength of the stone requiring great beams to span even short distances and, consequently, massive columns to support the tremendous weight of these beams. From the resulting forest of columns, covered with hieroglyphics, the costumed priests used to wander forth to awe the assembled public.

To present, on the exterior, an increased impression of strength the walls were constructed with a marked batter (slope, receding from the base). This slope can be traced



Photographs by G. E. Kidder Smith

Pillar of Tuthmosis III (1500-1447 B.C.) at Karnak: sophisticated beauty based on natural forms



A century later these columns at Luxor were carved to imitate wooden posts used in Egyptian huts



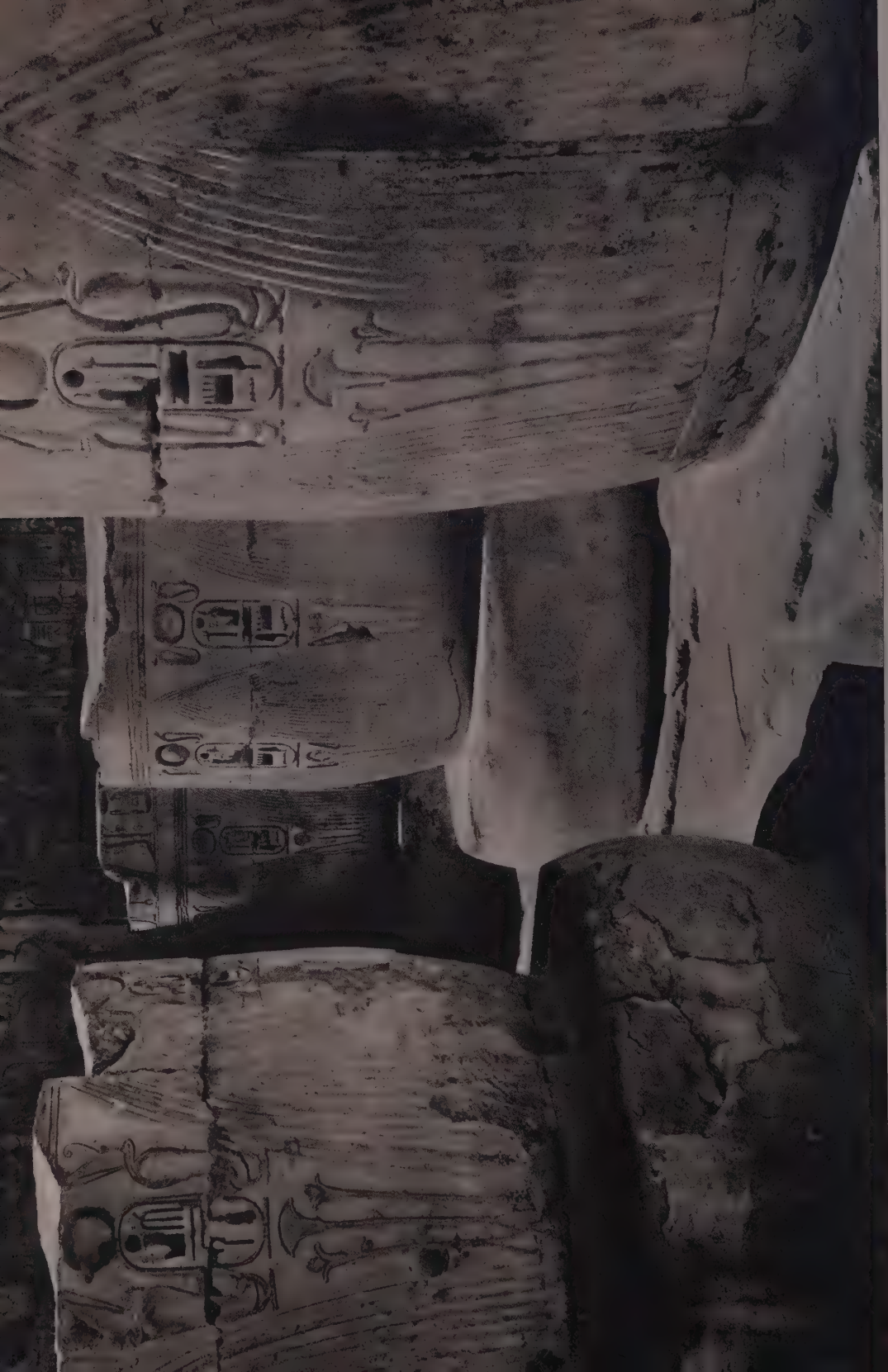
Built to endure, the Colonnade of Horemhab (1346–1322 B.C.) at Luxor combines size and grandeur



Forecourt of Amenophis III (1411-1375 B.C.), Luxor. From this forest of columns covered with hieroglyphics issued priests to awe the assembled people.



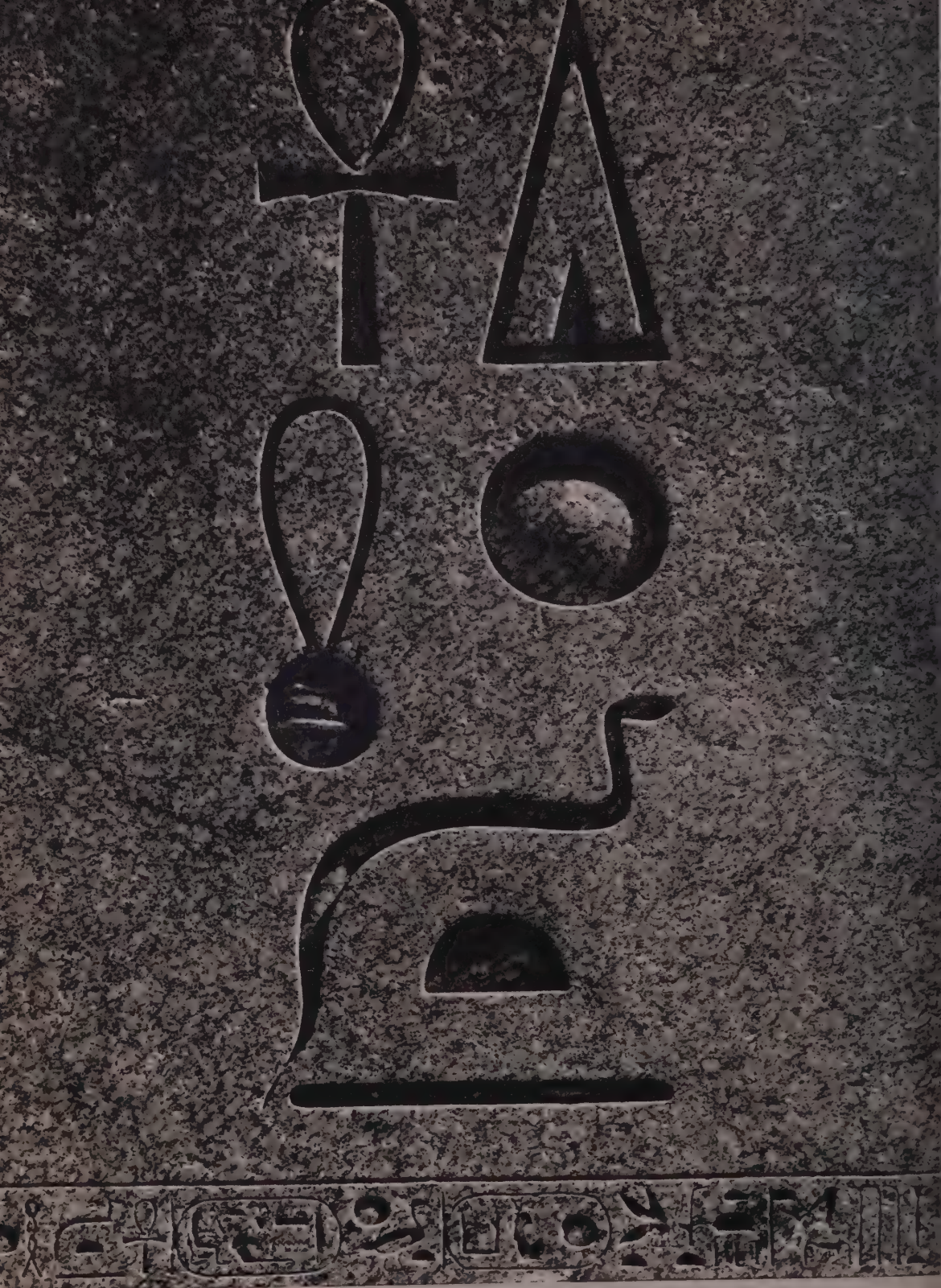
Portal of Ptolemy (246-221 B.C.), Karnak. To increase the impression of strength walls were built with a marked "batter" or slope



The Hypostyle of Ramses III (1198-1167 B.C.) at Medinet-Habu. Walls, columns, beams, all were completely covered with a maze of inscriptions.



The massive, silent head of Amûn, dedicated by Tutankhamûn (1359-1350 B.C.), has a feeling of granite eternity not unlike that of the Sphinx



The Obelisk of Hatshepsut (1501–1479 B.C.) at Karnak shows the Egyptian genius for handling stone

to the desire to give further strength against occasional earthquakes and is a development of the early mud-brick walls which were battered from necessity. This illustrates once again that the origins of these nature-forms followed a functional as well as an intellectual development into their architectural resolution.

The expansive walls of these temples became the unbound history books and bible for all Egypt. (For a parallel one might take the medieval cathedral portals and stained glass.) For each Pharaoh, smugly pleased with his own prowess, transported with megalomania, duly inscribed his exaggerated conquests and vaunted adoration of the gods upon them. Everything was covered, the walls, the massive columns, the stone beams, inside and out, from top to bottom. Structural members lost their significance, joints disappeared in a maze of excessive inscriptions, whose effect, except for the modern epigraphist, is scarcely more than that of an all-over pattern, blazing in the sun or vanishing into the cool shadows of the stone roof. To give life and vitality to these relief decorations in the open, and to render them more distinct in the diffused, indirect light within, they were executed in bright colours on a white ground.

Much of this work is magnificent in execution, and the colouring, where it has been protected, is as freshly alive as though still wet. As the temples arose they were filled with earth, to facilitate moving the great blocks of stone without elaborate machinery or scaffolding, and the walls and columns were decorated "on the way down". When the stones were smoothed the designs were drawn in, and, after the master's corrections had been carried out, carved. A coat of stucco, about the thickness of a sheet of paper, was applied, and it was then painted, chiefly in the primary colours. (Later, in the so-called 'decline', the walls were first thickly stuccoed and the incisions made in the stucco.) In the tombs, whose decorative schemes were more cheerfully personal and light-hearted, the walls were generally stuccoed and painted direct, without carving.

Besides extolling their own nobleness and powers on the walls of their temples, these ancient rulers set up many statues and monuments to themselves. A number are of granite, porphyry and diorite, among the hardest of stones, and came from quarries hundreds of miles away, floated down the Nile on large flat boats.

The Egyptians' innate ability in handling stones of such stupendous sizes (the weight of one is estimated at two million pounds) can well be seen in the results: two are shown here, in the seventh and eighth plates. Carved about 1300 years after the Great Pyramid, whose error in construction is less than one in ten thousand, and weathered for 3200 years, this head and obelisk still show the masterfully tenuous detail of hard stone, contrasted with smooth, planar surfaces of cold mathematical precision and elegance.

In the massive, silent head of Amûn, whose suggestion of granite eternity is not unlike that of the Sphinx, and in the organization and crisp exactness of the Obelisk of Hatshepsut (the detail in the eighth plate is from the obelisk, shown also to the left in the seventh plate) we can get perhaps another glimpse of the unprecedented achievements of this race. Though over-academized and often monotonously 'routine' and uninspired, they knew the limitations of their environment and culture and by remaining within the bounds imposed produced a great art. Furthermore they fulfilled the purpose they set before themselves 4500 years ago—perpetuation of their memory.

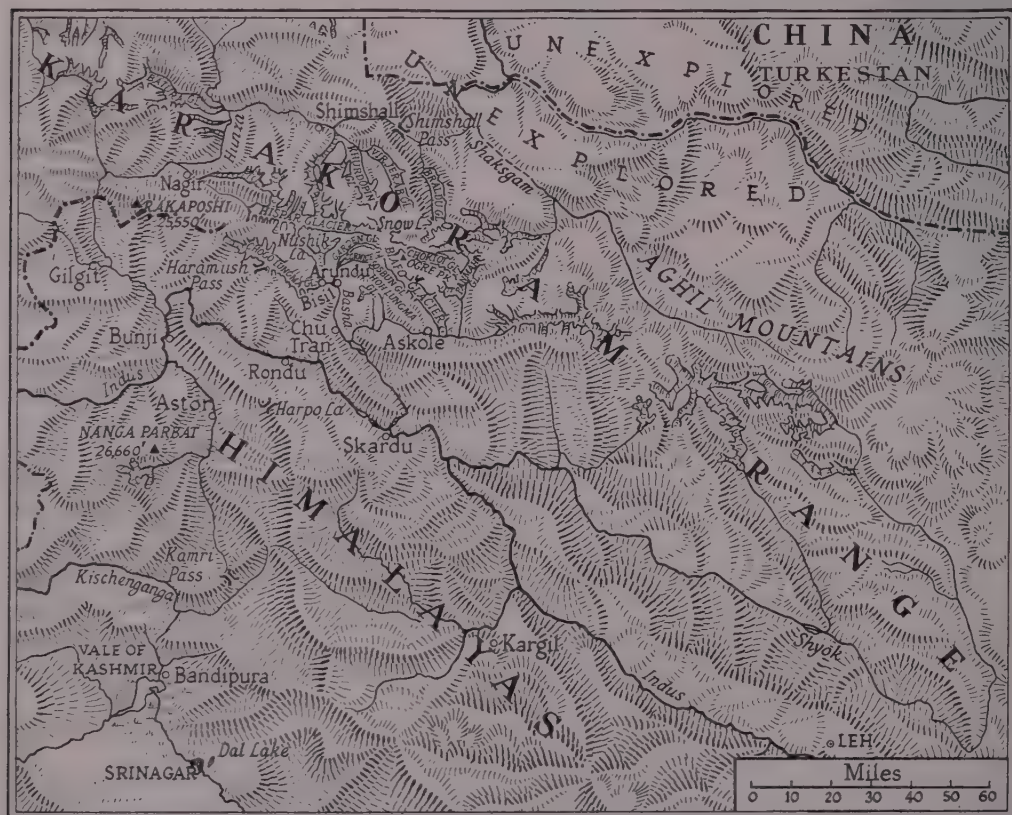
Mapping the Karakoram

by PETER MOTT

Last year, when Mr Eric Shipton led his second map-making expedition to the Karakoram, Mr Mott went with him as Chief Surveyor. Though the work of the expedition, which was to have extended over at least sixteen months, was cut short by the outbreak of war, it succeeded in clearing up some major geographical uncertainties and in surveying in detail some unmapped areas. Mr Mott explains how it was done, and how much he enjoyed his part in doing it

ALONG the undemarcated borders of Chinese Turkestan and northern Kashmir lies probably the greatest mountain barrier in the world. The Karakoram Range is divided from the western Himalayas by the River Indus which, rising from the southern highlands of Tibet, flows north-west to Skardu in Baltistan and then turns south beneath the great massif of Nanga Parbat, maintaining its course for a thousand miles until it eventually reaches the sea at Karachi.

The immense scale of the country, and the consequent difficulties of travel, have rendered the Karakoram until recent years a *terra incognita* and even now there remain great areas unmapped and unexplored, especially on the northern side of the range. Nearly fifty years ago Martin Conway crossed the pass at the head of the Hispar Glacier and discovered on the far side a large expanse of snow which he aptly termed the Snow Lake. In later years a myth gained currency of a vast





Peter Mott

Looking down the valley of the Indus, which divides the Karakoram Range from the Himalayas. From Tibet, the Indus flows north-west to Skardu, then south, past Nanga Parbat and down to Karachi

inland ice-cap from which flowed most of the great glaciers of the Karakoram—the Hispar to the west, the Biafo to the south, the Braldu to the east, the Virjerab and Khurdopin to the north. Had such a theory proved true the Snow Lake would indeed have been unique outside polar regions and it is therefore not surprising that the idea, while it lasted, gave place to considerable interest and speculation among geographers.

In 1905 Dr and Mrs Bullock Workman reached the Snow Lake by way of the Hispar Glacier but they seem to have been more concerned with weaving further romance into the existing history of the region than in clearing up the geographical problems at hand. They even claimed to have discovered a glacier behind the south Hispar mountain wall without any outlet. This 'enclosed' glacier they named

the 'Cornice'. Since then many other pioneers have visited the Karakoram but it was not until 1937 that an expedition, led by Eric Shipton with three companions, Tilman, Spender and Auden, finally solved these topographical riddles. At the conclusion of that expedition Tilman reached the Snow Lake from the north and proved it to be the head only of the Biafo. He also crossed a pass over to the Workman's Cornice Glacier and followed it down a perfectly normal course. Once again legend had given way to reality. There was, however, no time in these exploratory journeys, which were subsidiary to the main expedition, to make more than the crudest sketch-map of the area, while north of the watershed and beyond the Shimshall Pass lay further tracts of unexplored and unmapped country. In 1939 therefore Shipton organized a second



Peter Mott

The Cornice Glacier discovered by the Workmans in 1905, who maintained it had no outlet. In 1937 this theory was disproved. The glacier was first surveyed by the author's expedition in 1939

expedition with a programme intended to extend over sixteen months.

Shipton planned to spend the summer of '39 in making a detailed map of the whole of the Snow Lake and the country to the south and west which contained the two longest glaciers of the Karakoram, the Hupar and Biafo, the latter being well over forty miles in length.

One of the greatest hindrances to travel in the Karakoram is the rivers which in the late spring and summer, when the glaciers are melting fast, become immense swollen torrents that constitute impassable barriers. In the winter, however, when the rivers are frozen and snow-covered, they can act as broad high-roads and may even assist the traveller instead of impeding him. Thus it was hoped during the following winter to penetrate easily into some of the more inaccessible regions. With this in view the party intended to

move up in the late autumn to a winter base near the village of Shimshall (north of the main watershed), and to make use of the Shaksgam River for surveying the country east of the Shimshall Pass. Little is known of the conditions during the winter months on the northern side of the range or of the behaviour of the people, animals and plants there, so that the winter programme was of varied and considerable interest. Finally, in the spring of 1940, a journey was to be attempted from Shimshall to Leh, following the Shaksgam River to the east and then passing through and mapping the little known parts of the Aghil Mountains.

The expedition, assembled in Srinagar at the end of May, consisted of Eric Shipton, leader; Dr R. Scott-Russell, plant physiologist; Dr E. C. Fountaine, medical officer; and myself, surveyor. Messrs A. F. Betterton and Campbell Second



The cliffs of the Indus gorge between Sicaedu and Randa. The river lies far below the cliff-top and can just be seen in the right foreground of the picture.



Peter Mott

Bridge across the Indus at Rondu



Peter Mott

One of the Sherpa porters without whom no Himalayan expedition is complete. Their magnificent physique, loyalty and good-humour contribute more to the success of such ventures than any other source

accompanied us for some weeks. The Survey of India lent two of their most experienced Indian surveyors, Fazal Ellahi and Inayat Khan, to assist with the summer's work. Last, but by no means least, were the nine Sherpa porters without whom no Himalayan expedition is complete, and who, by their magnificent physique, unfailing loyalty and good-humour, probably contribute more to the success of such ventures than any other source.

The road to Gilgit from Kashmir is a long and varied one. At Bandipura, the limit of the motor road, we found our caravan in readiness, amounting to thirty-five heavily-loaded pack ponies. Climbing rapidly, above the terraced rice fields, we looked down on the Vale of Kashmir; the Dal Lake and floating gardens; the smoke rising from numbers of ramshackle

little villages shaded by the graceful chinars and tall white poplars: the whole softened and transformed into a dreamlike unreality by wreaths of blue haze above which floated a line of distant snow peaks, seemingly unattached to the world below. After crossing the first pass we descended into the beautiful alpine valley of the Kischenganga, thankful for the relief of pinewoods and clear mountain streams to save us from the heat of a scorching sun. Once again the road climbed, this time reaching snow on the Kamri Pass (14,000 ft.), with a fine view of Nanga Parbat, a dazzling pyramid of silver outlined against a cloudless sky. There followed a rapid change of scene. Leaving the greenery and pinewoods behind we followed the path down a valley filled with a profusion of wild roses to the attractive village of Astor that climbs steeply from the river

in a series of irrigated terraces laden at the time with a rich crop of wheat, barley and corn. The rest of the journey to Gilgit was along a wearisome track, clinging first to the barren cliffs above the Astor Gorge, and then crossing the torrid Bunji plain, parched and arid as any desert.

After two days spent in enjoying the rest and lavish hospitality of Gilgit, we left, on the last stage of the two-hundred-and-fifty mile march to Nagir, in the Hispar Valley, the real base of operations.

Almost at once we plunged into country the scale of which it was at first difficult to comprehend. The Hunza Valley, which we followed for some distance, resembles most of the Karakoram valleys in that it is completely barren save for the villages at intervals of ten miles or so, which form brilliant oases of green. The irrigation of these villages is a remarkable piece of

primitive engineering. The water is often brought from 'nallas' many miles distant and the channels follow high up along the sides of the hills or are formed of rough wooden ducts supported on stone pillars above the road. Overshadowing the Hunza Valley on the south, stands Rakaposhi (25,500 ft.), one of the most beautiful and inaccessible of Karakoram giants, which rises from ridge after ridge of foothills to one great vertical face of fluted ice and rock.

Before reaching Nagir, Russell and I climbed to the top of a high hill, Russell to collect flowers and I to begin the survey. It was our first real experience of the evil effects of altitude; for two days I suffered from a dulling headache accompanied by a feeling of sickness and extreme lassitude. Fortunately this soon wore off and never recurred to the same extent.



Peter Mott

The irrigation system of the villages in the Karakoram valleys is a remarkable feat of primitive engineering. Water is brought from many miles away through rough wooden ducts supported on stone pillars



Peter Mott

A high survey station 7000 ft. above the valley floor: to reach it was laborious work

The view from our camp was awe-inspiring in its immensity, with an endless sea of lofty peaks stretching in every direction. Seven thousand feet below we could follow the course of the Hunza River for twenty miles to east and west. The most striking impression that one gains in the Karakoram is the transitory nature of everything. The whole country is undergoing a process of change and decay that is apparent day by day. Avalanches of ice and rock thunder from the mountain sides which at some distant future will have turned from their present gaunt and knife-like features to milder and more permanent forms. Landslides are a common occurrence, and the hard dry soil of the lower slopes is constantly in a state of erosion forever falling away into the grey mud-filled rivers, and causing at times the destruction of whole villages.

We spent nearly two weeks in the vicinity of Nagir while Shipton and I worked on the

triangulation which we intended to carry from the Indo-Russian system in the Hunza Valley for a distance of sixty miles to the head of the Hispar Glacier and Snow Lake. Our survey stations were mostly seven thousand feet above the valley floor so that it was slow and laborious work. The weather was often unbearably hot or the clouds descended and enveloped us completely. An added difficulty was the scarcity of water and fuel which made camping sites hard to find. On one occasion, with two Sherpas, I spent a very damp three days lying in the confined space of a sheep pen, while waiting for clouds to lift. All these delays wasted a great deal of time and nearly three weeks had passed before we began the journey up the Hispar Glacier.

While the triangulation was in progress, Russell, Fountaine, Betterton and Secord made a successful crossing of the Nushik La, a high pass leading from the Hispar



Peter Mott

A Balti shepherd with the shingled hair-cut that is so fashionable in Baltistan

over to Arandu in Baltistan. It is known that in olden times there were many high passes in the Karakorams used by emigrants and travellers who were anxious to avoid the hazards of highway robbery on the main routes. Changing ice conditions and the virtual abolishment of banditry by a responsible government have resulted in most of these routes falling into disuse, and the younger generation of natives fear to venture far on to the glaciers. On the Nushik journey Russell was deserted by all but one of his coolies, while later not even the loss of two weeks' pay would induce any of the local men to cross the Hispar Pass though it involved only a single day's travelling and we offered them warm clothing, boots and bedding, in addition to their pay, if they came.

The Hispar, like most Karakoram glaciers, looks more like an enormous rubble-heap than a moving column of ice.

Only near the head of the glacier is the ice smooth and free of morainic matter removed from the ground beneath or the flanking hillsides by the erosive action of the ice. An attractive feature is the 'ablation' valleys that usually run parallel with the glaciers on the north side where the strong reflection of the sun off the hillsides has caused the ice to recede, leaving a gap between the glacier and the land. These ablation valleys have usually a gentle stream running through them and are very fertile and easy of access. The difficulty of picking a route between the maze of crevasses and moraine-covered séracs (hummocks) that break up the surface of the glacier is in most cases overcome by following the ablation valley which also provides excellent camping sites.

We followed the Hispar up its southern bank at first, keeping wherever possible to

the easy hillsides which were covered in thick vegetation and a brilliant carpet of flowers. Russell was fully engaged with his botanical collecting and in experiments on the growth and origin of plants, while Shipton, Fazal Ellahi and I continued with the survey. Then a disaster happened. I climbed alone one day to the top of a small hill where I set up my Wild theodolite (an instrument for measuring very accurate angles) on a pile of great boulders, many of them weighing several tons. The recent rain and cold weather had apparently caused a disturbance in the ground beneath and the whole mass with myself and the instrument suddenly descended twenty feet. I emerged unhurt but the instrument was damaged beyond repair, which was a serious handicap to the summer's work.

We crossed the Hispar Pass on August 13 without any difficulty and camped on the top, overlooking one of the most

glorious views imaginable. Below at last lay the Snow Lake, a glistening white amphitheatre, dominated on the south by the majestic spire of Conway's 'Ogre', and surrounded on every side by a limitless series of snow ranges that faded into the distant haze. There was a sense of utter remoteness and transcendent peace in the landscape that held one suspended in its grip. I have seldom, if ever, witnessed anything more beautiful.

The failure of the coolies made it impossible to carry over the pass more than a very limited supply of food and fuel. All but essentials were left behind and the personal equipment of each man was reduced to thirty pounds. Even so we were all heavily laden, especially the Sherpas, who carried over a hundred pounds per man. After a week spent in survey and some minor exploration to the north, we split into three parties. Shipton and Fountaine went down the Biafo to Askole,



Peter Mott

In the Hispar Valley. Dr. R. Scott-Russell, the expedition's plant physiologist, analysing soil samples

where they picked up supplies and proceeded up the Panmah Glacier to carry out a photographic survey there in the middle of some of the highest and most difficult country in the region. Fazal Ellahi remained on the Snow Lake and in the Biafo, where in four weeks he completed a detail map of three hundred square miles of country with astonishing skill and accuracy.

Scott-Russell and I set off southwards towards a gap in the tremendous rock wall that hems in the Biafo Glacier on the west, with the intention of crossing Tilman's Pass over to the much-discussed region of the Cornice and Garden glaciers. The ascent to the pass gave no difficulty save for the last four hundred feet. Here we were forced to descend partially into a *bergschrand* (a crevasse formed at the head of a glacier where it breaks away from the slopes above) and hack a way out through a curtain of icicles that reflected the early morning sunlight like a chandelier. Above lay a short steep ice-slope which, after some hard step-cutting, led us to the summit of the col. On the far side we looked down on a narrow valley enclosing the head of the Cornice Glacier, though at the time we were still uncertain of its identity. A mile from the pass a steep bluff cut off any further view. It must have been the curtaining effect of this bluff that was responsible for the Workman's theory of an enclosed glacier. We descended easily and threaded down the ice-fall to the dry glacier below. That night we camped on a dry bed of grass—a welcome change after weeks spent above the snow-line.

There followed a busy week botanizing and surveying in as intricate a piece of country as one could find anywhere. A characteristic feature of the Cornice was a remarkable cirque at the head of a tributary glacier on the south, surmounted by Gothic pinnacles of rock that might have been the walls of some ancient cathedral. Contrasting strangely with this, the northern precipices were stern and

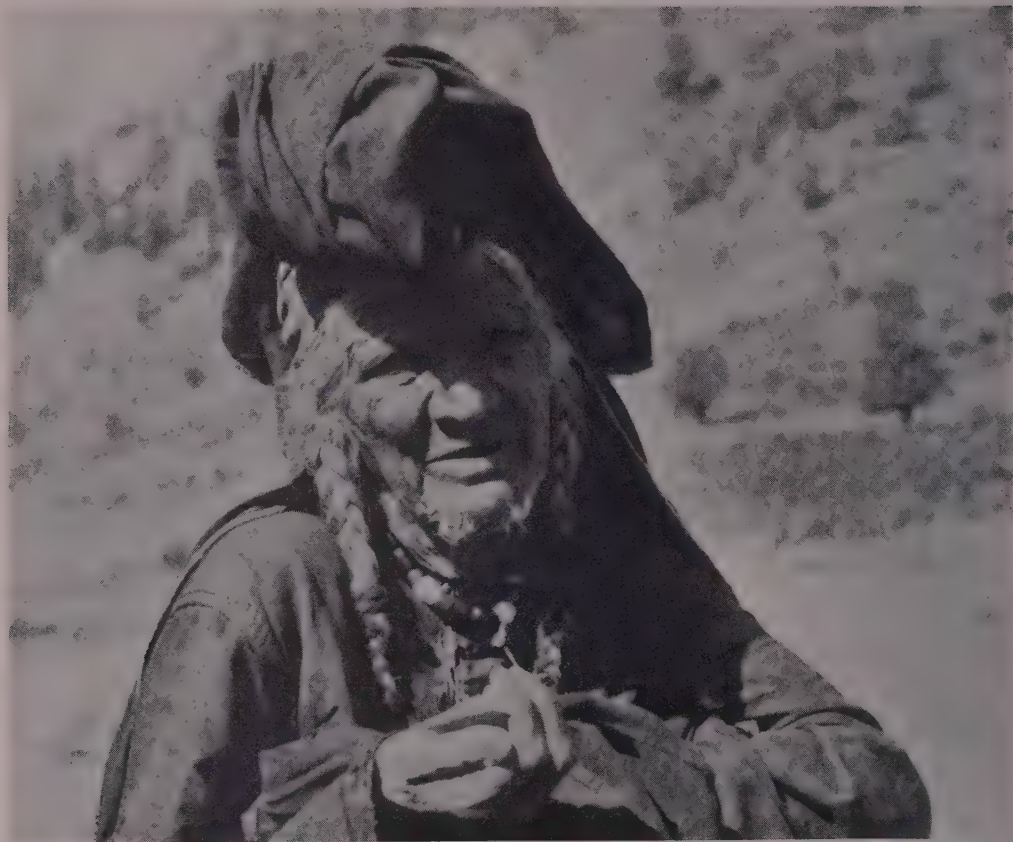
angular, resembling more the work of modern sculpture. Quite the most pleasant feature of the district was the flowers of every shape and colour. Blue geraniums, aconites and forget-me-nots, mingled with the yellow of dwarf poppies and scarlet *hedysarums*, were a constant delight to the eye as we climbed to the survey stations. An abundance of juniper and willow grew on all the lower slopes and provided us with as much fuel as we wanted. In the ablation valleys we found many fresh bear-tracks though never saw any of the animals, which rarely travel by day. Some of the tracks at first aroused suspicions of *Yeti* (the Abominable Snow Man) among the Sherpas, but these were soon dispersed by the obvious signs of claw-marks on the wet sand. Shipton, however, came across large circular tracks at the head of a glacier near the Snow Lake which were far from any vegetation and spaced one behind the other in a straight line. The size of these tracks was much larger than those of a bear, but this may have been due to melting of the snow. It is difficult to explain why any animal, even snow leopard, should stray far from a possible source of food, so that perhaps the Yeti may in fact exist. If he lives on human flesh, he must, as Tilman remarked, go devilish hungry!

When the work in the Cornice and Garden Glaciers was complete we descended to Bisil, a small village in the Basha Valley, near Arandu. One of the fascinating things about travel in the Karakoram is the contrast between life high up in the snows, where one is confined to small tents, limited rations and warm clothes, and the descent to torrid valleys and their wonderfully fertile villages, a source of eggs, milk, sweet apricots and other delicacies. Then there is the joy of seeing trees again, wading through fields of standing corn, and sleeping at night under a canopy of stars.

We were living now almost entirely on local food, since such European stores as



Surveying above the 'Snow Lake'. The instrument is the new Zeiss mountain photo-theodolite



Peter Moll

One of the villagers on whom, towards the end, the party largely depended for supplies. At every village interested spectators surrounded them, friendly and eager to help

we had were left below the Hispar Pass. Ata (coarse flour), ghee (clarified butter, often rancid), eggs, chickens, mutton, tea and sugar comprised our diet, all of which (save perhaps tea and sugar) could be obtained at most villages. The Sherpas, with one or two local coolies, could easily manage to carry a week's supplies when we climbed beyond the limits of cultivation. Such is the secret of easy travel when within reach of inhabited country. Unencumbered by bulky and unnecessary stores and equipment, one can cover far greater distances without any of the sources of anxiety, difficulty and expense that inevitably accompany a heavily laden party. At every village

where we halted a crowd of interested spectators immediately surrounded us, friendly and eager to help. The fact that we relied on them for our supplies brought us far more in contact with their ways than we might otherwise have been.

Leaving Bisil, Russell and I followed the Basha River for two days and then struck east to Askole. On the way we were forced to cross a rope bridge, a minor 'horror' that we had hoped to avoid. Such a bridge is constructed of three thick strands of twisted fibre suspended in the shape of a V across the river. The lower rope provides a footway and the upper two serve as hand-rails. The structure is braced by lateral ties between the lower

and upper ropes. In the larger bridges a stiffening bar is also provided between the hand-rails at the centre of the bridge to prevent them closing in under the strain of a weight. It is an unpleasant experience crossing a rope bridge which sways alarmingly above the torrent below.

At Askole I parted from Russell, who proceeded up the Biafo to join Shipton on the Snow Lake where they carried out some further survey and discovered a pass over the main watershed to Shimshall.

The next three weeks I spent alone with my Sherpa, Gyalgen, and two Balti coolies, making a detail map of two large glaciers, the Sosbun, and Hoh Lungma, which lie west of the Biafo. Here the country was similar to the Cornice area which it abutted on the north. Coarse grass and clumps of juniper covered the lower slopes up to

16,000 feet, above which rock and ice faces rose sheer to 21,000 feet in several places. It was now September and the weather, which had remained fine for several weeks, suddenly changed. There was a heavy fall of snow and the whole landscape turned white overnight. I waited two days for the weather to clear so that I could continue with the work.

I was much troubled at this time by a curious kind of septic rash which gave me great pain in walking. My small supply of first-aid dressings was soon used up and the sores became so bad that I began to doubt whether my legs were going to carry me much longer. Luckily Fountaine arrived to join me at the critical moment and I was just able to reach his camp near the snout of the Sosbun Glacier. It had



Peter Mott

Lobang—one of the Sherpa porters who, when the coolies deserted, carried over 100 lb. per man



Looking down a crevasse

E. H. Emerson



R. Scott-Brown

High Camp

been originally planned that Fountaine and I should spend the remaining three weeks together but, since I was temporarily incapacitated and there was little time to waste before our return to Gilgit, Fountaine left me to go up the Chogo Lungma Glacier and look for the Haramush Pass at its head, which had not been previously crossed. This he succeeded in doing, and reached Gilgit nine days ahead of me after a very successful journey. With three days' rest my legs recovered sufficiently to allow me to complete the map and I then set off on my return journey to Gilgit.

At Chu Tran, in the Basha Valley, I met the Tahsildar (Governor) of Skardu, who gave me my first news of the European War, just three weeks after the outbreak of hostilities. It was a bitterly disappointed

party that finally reassembled in Gilgit. Obviously our winter plans would have to be abandoned and we at once offered our services to the Government of India. A month passed without any definite advice and the temptation to go forward with the winter programme was considerable. With Europe at war, however, and the very roots of western civilization threatened, there seemed little zest left to our ventures. Reluctantly we turned our backs on Shimshall and took the road to Kashmir. At least we had the satisfaction of a successful summer. Sixteen hundred square miles of difficult country had been accurately surveyed, and nearly a thousand different specimens of plants had been collected. Above all, we could look back on six months of happiness snatched from the chaos of the future.

The Home of the Minotaur

by F. KINCHIN SMITH

When, during his excavations in Crete, Sir Arthur Evans discovered Knossos, the Palace-City of King Minos, he laid bare to our eyes the earliest Mediterranean civilization. Like that of the Mayas its end is unchronicled and remains a mystery. The best collection of Minoan antiquities in this country can be seen in the Ashmolean Museum at Oxford

THE ancient Greek legend of Theseus and the Minotaur has the same fascination as the story of Jack the Giant-killer. The fairy prince from Athens, who could no longer endure to pay the tribute of seven boys and seven girls to Minos, the great king of Crete, and volunteered to sail with them to fight the half-man and half-bull monster that had torn their predecessors to pieces in the Palace Labyrinth, has been a nursery favourite for centuries. The prince's love at first sight for the Princess Ariadne, her secret gift of the dagger and the ball of thread to guide him through the maze, their elopement in a ship at dead of night after he had slain the beast and freed his comrades, and his leaving her like Madam Butterfly on the lonely isle of Naxos—here are the makings of a first-rate film story.

A fairy-tale this story still might be, but for the sensational discoveries in Crete at the beginning of this century which rival Schliemann's finds at Troy or Woolley's at Ur.

Until the end of the 19th century, our knowledge of the ancient world began with

Homer. The pre-Homeric civilization of Crete was unknown, until one day a young archaeologist working in the National Museum at Athens came across seal-stones inscribed with strange writing. Hearing that they came from Crete, this young Englishman (now Sir Arthur Evans), set off there, to collect others—which he found worn as charms round the necks of the peasant women.

He purchased a few acres of land on a hilltop four miles inland from Candia overlooking a river valley. When, after several years' delay spent on waiting for the Turks to finish their war with the Greeks, he began to dig, he unearthed a palace-city, and a wealth of artistic treasures including frescoes, gold and ivory miniatures, a royal gaming board inlaid with gold and ivory, a set of miniature model house fronts and hundreds of objects of everyday life.

Though these people who lived 3000 years before Caxton had a system of printing with ivory blocks on clay, we cannot yet read their language. We do not even know what they called themselves. Evans called them 'Minoans', after the legendary king, Minos. When our forefathers were still living in caves, these people dwelt in unfortified city palaces of several storeys, with drains and water laid on, as in a modern Grand Hotel. The extent and excellence of their art shows that, from the time of Noah to that of Samuel, they developed a civilization in some ways as advanced as our own. An island people, they ruled the Mediterranean, and maintained a longer period of peace than its shores have known since.

Pottery was an important industry.





René Z

Part of the ruins of the Palace of Minos



Modern earthenware jars drying in the sun; they are still used in Crete and are very similar to those found in the Palace of Minos

René

René Zuber



Pithoi from the Palace of Minos at Knossos, great earthenware jars in which the Minoans stored grain, wine, olive oil, etc.



A Cretan landscape: Mount Ida, seen over a bank of dolines. The Minoans constantly represented flowers, stylized, in decorating objects connected with everyday life: for instance, flowers on their pithoi and on the royal gaming board where they had scenes of rock squirrel.

The modern Cretan potters still make, out of doors, on turntables, huge jars similar to the ancient ones which have been found. When I saw them being made in sections and joined together, I realized for the first time the purpose of the lined bands round the ancient *pithoi*. Thus can the continuity of the craftsman's art through the ages throw light on the ancient methods of work. Their potters also turned out tea-cups, 20th-century in shape, of egg-shell thinness, exquisitely painted with crocuses and tulips, and jugs with long spouts like tea-pots.

Frequent representations of trees, plants and flowers in their art show that the Minoans were lovers of nature; probably their livelihood was largely derived from agriculture. Their implements have

perished, but stone mortars and querns for grinding corn have been found, and a clay model of a four-wheeled cart. There are pictures of olive and fig trees, and the early pictographic writing shows ploughs, cattle, sheep, goats and pigs. We do not know, however, what animals drew the plough; horse-riding appears to have been unknown; and a seal-stone of a late date shows what may be the arrival of the first horse to be landed in Crete. Some of the huge store-jars were found with actual peas and barley-grains at the bottom, and one stone vase is carved to show a harvest thanksgiving procession of merry reapers singing on their homeward way.

The Minoans excelled in reproducing rapid movement, carved in stone or ivory—such as frescoes showing toreadors leaping



W. F. Mansell

Looking up the North-East Entrance passage towards the main Palace buildings. Travellers from the Harbour Town would have entered the Palace along this street and have seen the bull in stucco relief on the portico

over the backs of charging bulls, gold cups hammered to picture the very moment that a bull is caught with a net in the forest, and half-inch seals showing a calf struck in the flank by an arrow, or birds surprised among papyrus reeds.

The Cretans, an island people, turned much to the sea. We have pictures of ships on seal-stones, and representations of marine life on frescoes and pots. They took special delight in carving or drawing the treasures of the sea—the flying fish and dolphin, or the octopus, clinging with tentacles and suckers and glaring with strange, bulging eyes. It has been suggested that a Cretan peasant once saw an octopus wrapped round his wine jar, which he had left in the sea to cool, and that this gave him the idea of painting it on a vase. Minos, says Thucydides, was

the first of the ancients to have a navy, with which he made himself master of a great part of the Hellenic Sea, conquered the Cyclades, and, to protect his revenues, tried to clear the sea of pirates. Fishing also was popular, and fish-hooks, sinkers and net-weights have been found.

Being nature worshippers, the Cretans had no temples. They worshipped first in mountain sanctuaries, and later in chapels in the palaces themselves. There is much evidence, especially on seal-stones, of pillar and tree worship, and their chief deity, a Mother-Goddess, protectress of all living things, is sometimes shown with a son, a boy-god. Their sacred animals were the bull, the dove, and the snake, especially the bull, lord of the herd, with the horns of power on his forehead. These 'horns of consecration' were a sacred emblem, as

was the double-axe, originally a sacrificial axe, into which the power of the bull entered, when it took the bull's life.

The palace itself is difficult to photograph. Most of it is underground, and it is easy to lose your way in the labyrinth of rooms, staircases, light-wells and passages. The state apartments on the west side had three storeys, and the private apartments on the east, overlooking the river, probably five. It takes several hours to explore them all thoroughly. The visitor enters, as he did in ancient times, through a rest-house or caravanserai two hundred yards from the palace, with a stone bath still fed by a spring, where he could wash the dust from his feet. Traces of the viaduct remain, leading from the caravanserai across a valley to the grand portal and staircase, flanked by columns wider at the top than at the bottom—an architectural feature peculiar to the Minoans.

The walls of the palace were covered with frescoes depicting scenes from daily life, especially that of women. They were painted while the plaster was still wet, and not, like the Egyptian frescoes, executed in distemper on a dry surface, a much easier process. There are frescoes of fishes and seaweed, of flowers and grasses that still grow in Crete, of animals, including a frieze of partridges and hoopoes in the caravanserai, a blue bird, a monkey and a cat stalking a pheasant. Another shows a young Minoan officer leading negro troops 'at the double', which, like the monkey-fresco, suggests intercourse between Crete and Africa. But most striking are those that show the people themselves: a reddish-brown Cretan youth with an exceptionally narrow waist—a Minoan characteristic that still survives—wearing a loin-cloth and kilt, and a silver ring round his neck; a stucco relief of a priest-king (perhaps Minos himself) walking through a field of lilies and wearing the same white leather boots as are worn by Cretan peasants today. There are many frescoes of women, from the flashing-

eyed Cretan girl with rouged lips and a kiss-curl down her forehead, known as 'La Parisienne', to the theatre scene where the front seats are entirely occupied by ladies, with the men in the rows behind. Another shows girls dancing among olive trees, before a crowd of spectators. Specially interesting is a bull-jumping fresco showing two girls and a boy taking part in the national sport of catching the horns of a charging bull and turning a somersault on his back—being caught, if lucky, by a companion behind.

The important rôle that women play in the frescoes suggests that there may have been some sort of matriarchal system in Crete. The men look effeminate, with



From 'The Palace of Minos at Knossos'

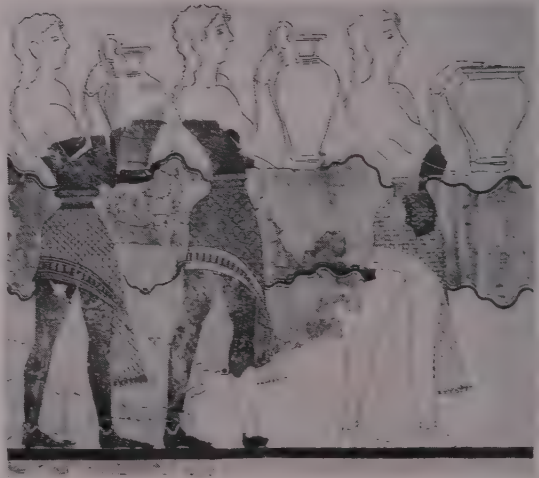
Macmillan

Painted stucco relief of a 'Priest-King' wearing a crown of conventionalized lilies, with plumes of peacock-feathers

FASHION AND FUN IN 1500 B.C.



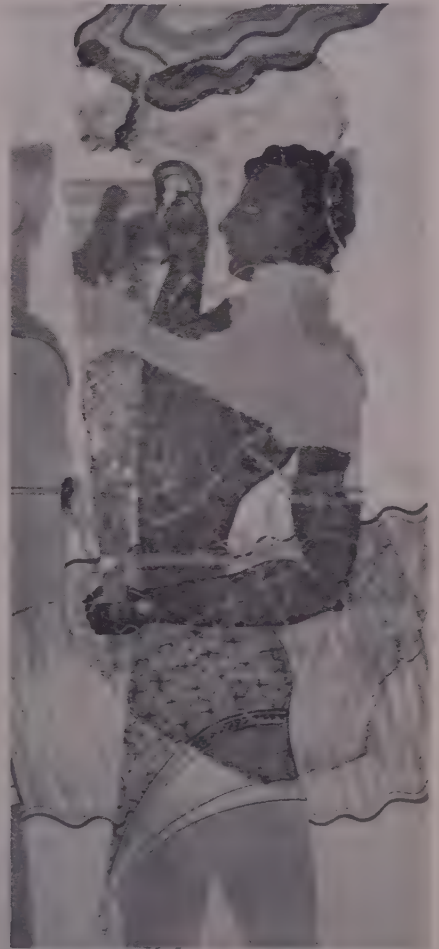
On the left is a faience figure of the Snake Goddess. Below are groups from a fresco showing a procession. In the bottom group, the priestess in the middle is holding the sacred double axes





Frescoes from 'The Palace of Minos' at Knossos, Minoan

(Above) *Minoans at their bull game.* (Right) *The cup-bearer fresco, a figure from one of the processions*



'La Parisienne'—as gay today as yesterday



Camilla Alexander

Top of the Grand Staircase leading down from the Central Court to the royal apartments. The walls of this staircase were lined with plaster, which still remains, decorated with frescoes

their jewels and long hair, and little concerned with manly affairs. The women wear a variety of fashions of Victorian type—elaborate hats, long bell-shaped skirts, embroidered or flounced, sometimes in a check pattern, close-fitting short-sleeved bodices, cut very low in front, and short double-aprons.

There is a throne room with a stone throne that was probably covered with gold, and a long stone seat fixed to the wall where the courtiers of Minos sat. Round the walls is a frieze of gryphons. To reach the private apartments, the visitor crosses a large rectangular court in the centre of the palace, and descends by a pillared staircase through the Hall of the Double Axes to the Queen's drawing-room and bath. The ceiling was decorated with a spiral design, in blue lapis lazuli, and the

walls with a fresco of dolphins playing above sea urchins. In other parts of the palace are magazines in which still stand rows of large pithoi for storing oil and grain, blackened by the fire that swept through the palace at its destruction. Some of these jars are large enough to hold several men. The domestic quarters are clearly visible, and through the whole palace runs a drainage system of terracotta pipes with stop-ridges. Even the great stone-lined circular rubbish pits have been found, and have revealed a wealth of broken pottery.

The end of Minoan civilization is wrapped in mystery. It has been attributed to an internal revolution, an earthquake, invasion. It may well be that colonial expansion lured the Minoans into Imperial ambitions that brought about

doorways of the state apartments looking out onto the central Court. These square pillars now reconstructed in concrete and painted in their old colours, were originally of wood. In the foreground a stone lustral basin



René Zuber

René Zuber



Passage leading to the King's Megaron, or living room, opening onto a light-well. The round pillars, wider at the top than at the bottom, are characteristically Minoan



René Zuber

The throne room of the Palace of Minos with the oldest royal throne in the world. Stone benches for the councillors are set on either side of it and around the room, and the walls are decorated with frescoes of gryphons in a landscape of papyrus and water

their fall. Just possibly the volcanic eruption in the island of Santorin, some eighty miles away, which caused the crater of a volcano to subside beneath the sea and become the present harbour, had something to do with it. Other palaces in Crete fell at about the same time.

All that we can be sure of is that about 1400 B.C. the palace was burnt. The blackened stones tell the tale of fires sweeping through courts and corridors. Some sudden end interrupted the sculptor at his work, and the palace servants at their daily tasks. In one room a pitcher was left unfilled, and a vase unfinished.

If the end came through foreign invasion, there may be, as so often happens,

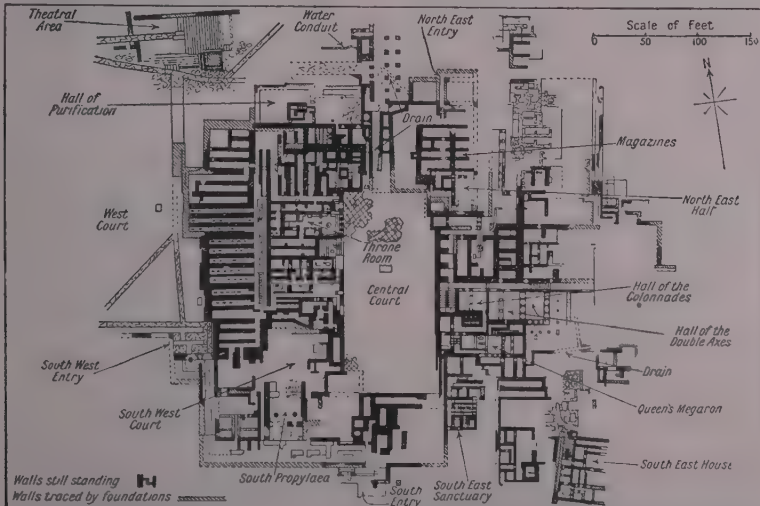
buried history behind the legend. At any rate it is tempting to stand in the Palace courtyard, and picture the scene—the long boat with its single mast and sail, beached in the harbour of Candia four miles away; and Theseus leading the party of boys and girls along the Minoan paved road to the King's palace. Perhaps they would be conducted to the throne-room before King Minos seated on his stone chair. From her royal chamber that looks down the long valley to the sea, Ariadne might watch the procession climbing the hill. Or was it in the bull-ring that the sight of Theseus first moved her heart to pity? At dead of night she would creep up the broad staircase and cross the wide court to where the prisoners

were waiting to enter the maze. And perhaps the dagger she gave him was one of the golden-handled bronze ones, inlaid with silver designs, that can be seen in the Candia Museum today.

There is much that remains unsolved about this strange people. We may know more when we can read the writing on the hundreds of inscribed baked-clay tablets found by Evans. A fresh discovery eighteen months ago on the mainland of Greece may bring the solution nearer. On a hill near Pylos, in the south-west of Greece, overlooking a plain and the bay of Navarino, an American professor began excavations on the site of a Homeric Palace, which may prove to be that of Pylian Nestor himself. He came upon more than 650 similar tablets dating from at least 1200 B.C.—the first ever found on the mainland of Greece. As the linear script with which they are inscribed is identical with that found on the Cretan tablets, the influence of the Minoan civilization may have been more extensive than had previously been thought. A bilingual inscription like the Rosetta stone needs now to be found, to give the key to the writing which has baffled scholars for forty years.

Conclusions about this civilization are rash in view of the slight evidence that so far exists. If we may judge from their art, the Minoans do not appear to have been a warlike people. If we say that they are more Roman than Greek, we must add that they are French in their fashions, Japanese in their art, American in their plumbing, and British in their insularity. At any rate they devised a better drainage system than Europe was to see again until the 19th century.

The modern Cretans are proud of Knossos and assisted Sir Arthur Evans greatly in his excavations. More than one local benefactor contributed to the work. Dr Hatzidakis founded the original Candia museum, now replaced by a fine modern building over which presides Mr Sp. Marinatos, whose excavations have led to still further discoveries in Crete. But without the enthusiasm and financial backing of Evans himself, this greatest of British 'digs' could never have come about. The Palace of Minos, which he has now in large part restored, has been handed over by him to the care of the British School of Archaeology in Athens.



From Glotz, 'Aegean Civilization'.

By courtesy of 'Universal History of the World'

A general plan of the Palace-city: most complex building of ancient times

Grandsons of Jenghis Khan

Remnant of the Conquering Horde

by J. HOLMAN MASON

Seven hundred years ago, in 1240, Europe was faced with an even greater menace than it is today. In six years the Mongol warriors had swept victoriously over all northern Asia and most of Europe. Jenghis Khan, Hulagu, Batu and the rest appeared to the men of the 13th century as scourges of God, the most relentless conquerors the world had known. The secret of their awe-inspiring successes lay in their rigid discipline, the famous yassak, and in their use of a new tactic, mounted archers, the motorized and armoured columns of the day: and no one was able or willing to imitate the fierce men of the steppes. (Their story, called 'The Mongol Avalanche', was told in this Magazine in February 1938.)

But the Empire of the Steppes did not last long. The grandson of Jenghis Khan, the Kublai Khan of Marco Polo and Coleridge, reigned in Cambaluc, which we call Peking, as Son of Heaven. Elsewhere the descendants of the barbarian hordes turned into Sultans, Shahs and Russian princes.

The Mongols had shot their bolt. The Chinese, to tame them, pushed by all means their conversion to Lamaistic Buddhism. From the most bloodthirsty of conquerors the Mongols became the most peaceful of nomadic herdsmen. *Tantum religio.* . . .

The great mass of Central Asia is cut through, in the north by a longitudinal zone of prairies, under snow during the long winter, burned up in the short summer, but covered in spring-time with high grass and wild flowers and making in the autumn happy hunting grounds where the Mongol people trained themselves by the chase in the arts of war.

This corridor of the steppes affords a double highway between west and east. Over this route in neolithic and bronze ages came the pottery of South Russia and the trinkets of the Scythians. Later it was the road of Hellenistic art and Buddhist pilgrims, of silk and tea and all the intercourse between the two great civilizations of the Near and the Far East. To keep this great highway of world commerce

free was the constant preoccupation of Chinese policy for fifteen centuries, until the Mongols came.

When the Mongols first appear in Chinese chronicles about 1300 years ago they were settled around the Kerulen and Argun rivers and the upper reaches of the Nonni. Their homeland was therefore divided by the great Khingan range whose gentle slopes to the west and steep cliffs to the east mark the edge of what is known as the 'Roof of the World'. The Mongols, quite different from their Chinese neighbours all of whose racial and linguistic link-up is with the south, seem to be allied in speech and origin to the Tungus and other tribes of Siberia and to the vast congeries of Turki peoples to the west.

Our pictures are of present-day Mongols gathered together from many places for their annual market or fair, held in tents on these vast northern plains. The photographs were taken in the district around Lake Kulun, or Hulun, sometimes known as Dalai Nor (or the Ocean Lake), which receives the waters of the Kerulen river whose valley was the real birth-place and home of Jenghis Khan and of the Mongol power. Here, you are already on the steppes and you can ride from Kulun to Constantinople with never a natural barrier. In fact, less than twenty years ago I saw Mongols and their great shaggy two-humped camels crouching under the shadow of the Sulaimaniyeh mosque in Istanbul: they had followed the old silk route from Cathay to Byzantium just as a matter of course—as their fathers had done for ages. These two-humped or Bactria camels were the traditional ships of the steppes before they became those of the desert. Camels originated in North America, although they became extinct there ages ago: Central Asia was their old world home long before they moved westwards and eventually into Africa. The region although almost entirely inhabited by Mongols is part of Japanese-controlled Manchukuo and quite near to the Soviet frontier where a good deal of fighting has taken place in recent times.



All photographs from Pictorial Press

Mongols live largely upon goat meat because the sheep are kept for their wool. A great part of the Mongol wares at the fair consists of goat hides; the men are not as fierce as they look but perhaps their ancestors in the time of Jenghis Khan were



Here are the two wives of a rich Mongol: relations are generally happy enough in the households. Since the adoption of Buddhism by the Mongols from Tibet, Tibetan influences are very noticeable. The covered waggon—just like the Spanish tartana—is used for moving from camp to camp



A Mongol bride of the moon-face type so much admired: although her cloths are of Chinese silks, her turban and caftan speak of influences from much farther west. Her silver jewellery still shows traces of the age-old designs known as the art of the steppes, patterns that are found from South Russia to North China, in Scythian barrows and in the bronzes of Luristan (Iran) and Ordos (North China)

A young Mongol married woman in workaday clothes: these are never washed, but worn until they drop to pieces. The ample folds of both men and women's clothing serve also as towels and handkerchiefs

Old and new among the Mongols: Soviet-Chinese influence in the gentleman to the left, Chinese spectacles and expression, Soviet cap and leather jerkin. The poker-faced merchant to the right is in the garb of Old-China-cut, but woollen for the climate of the steppes. Money passes through the narrow muff: no one sees: income tax inspectors please note





Little Mongol boys can ride their shaggy, sturdy goats just like little boys in other parts of the world. One boy can look after three hundred head of goat or sheep. Sheep are the standard of Mongol wealth; sheep's importance in the economic life of the nomads early struck the Chinese and the ideogram for 'beautiful' is still a 'great sheep'. Four sheep or goats plus thirty yuen (i.e. a yuen is equivalent in value to a yen) will pay a Mongol boy's schooling for one year.



(Above) The fair is over; the day's work is done: new purchases have been made; beasts have been sold; households have been restocked for a year and the nomads head for home in their camel carts. (Below) This man and wife return on the back of one sturdy Mongolian pony, laden with their purchases. The ponies of Mongolia are pretty close relations to the wild horse of the steppes. In any case, horses arose in Central Asia and not as is often believed in North America





Wrestling at the annual market and fair. The contest is pancratic, that is a combination of boxing and wrestling



A wrestler's son sits on the family cart closely following his father's fortunes in the struggle. The boy wears an old-fashioned Chinese-style coat, his head is shaven so as to leave the traditional top-knot and the covered cart is of the type found from Russia to the Yellow Sea



(Above) The tent with its distinctive 'steppe' ornamentation: these massive motives are more like archaic Chinese bronze decoration and link up with the designs of the Indians of the North-west coast of America. (Below) Inside the yurts or felt huts of the Mongols thick carpets cover the floor. Here are three generations. All who saw 'Kayak', the wonderful Eskimo film of Rasmussen, will be struck by the likeness between the physical types, and the huts, of Mongol and Eskimo



The Son of Heaven

An Emperor in French Indo-China

by ALAN HOUGHTON BRODRICK

Indo-China is the most isolated of France's overseas possessions and therefore the most menaced. The Japanese regard themselves as heirs to this rich dominion and have demanded and obtained the right to maintain there hundreds of inspectors. Their requests for the cession of naval and air bases have, as we write, been refused but, unaided, it is not likely that the French will long be able to withstand pressure. The Japanese plans are reported to include a reorganization of the monarchy to make Annam into another Manchukuo. This article shows what an important part monarchy still plays in the Chinese-moulded civilization of Annam

THE Mandarin Way leads south a full five hundred leagues from the Gate of Great China to the City of Western Tribute, Saigon, the capital of Cochín or Little China, the land of the Mekong delta.

At first you are in Tonkin. Over its northern hills the road winds, past its strangely shaped rocks and mountains full of caverns where have been found the earliest human remains in Indo-China.

Then you are on the overcrowded delta of the Red River. The foothills of the great spine of Annam draw near to the sea. You are in the province of Thanh-hoa where huge blocks of limestone, hundreds of feet high, pitted with holes and caves, rise sheer from the plain. These inland islands are found far into the north, in Upper Tonkin, as sea-islands in the Bay of Along and into the Chinese provinces of Kwangsi and Kweichow. They were the models for the mystic mountains of the great Sung dynasty painters.

Sometimes you rise over passes where the old imperial highway crosses the spurs of high hills that from time to time the Chain of Annam throws towards the China Sea. The railway line follows the old Mandarin Way. Once through the Gate of Annam this ledge of Asia is often very narrow and in its widest parts you are never very far from the sea and the mountains. Sometimes you overhang an exotic Riviera, with a string of bright-green pointed islets near inshore.

Farther south still Annam is like an Indonesian island. The soil is silver sand, the huts crouch around great tall waving coco and areca palms. Men stand stark naked sheltering their eyes against the blazing sky as they gaze at you. But this southern strip is a late conquest of the Annamese. The real heart of Annam is the capital city of Hué, that is, Concord, where lives on the glittering, imposing, ceremonial life of old China.

As you near the Imperial Court from the





W. D. Graf zu Castell

These inland islands, huge blocks of limestone, hundreds of feet high rising sheer from the plain, were models for the mystic mountains of the great painters of the Sung dynasty

north the highway is bordered with spreading 'flamboyant-trees' like English oaks burst into vermillion blossom. Man is the beast of burden in the East. Jogging along the roadside are endless strings of men and women, clad in dull brown in the north and in black as you get closer to Hué. All are weighed down with long bamboo poles slung on their shoulders. From either end of the poles hang loads in plaited baskets or piled up upon shallow trays. The carriers rarely look at you and

if they do they never smile. Their seeming sullen inexpressiveness is a very un-Chinese thing, for this people of the Annamese is Chinese in everything but in its thoughts, its fears and its hatreds.

The plain is quite wide now. As far as the eye can reach seawards and up towards the mountains on your right the land is a lawn of pale green rice. Knee-deep in the slush, their trousers tucked about their thighs, are innumerable little figures of men and women under large limpet hats, bend-

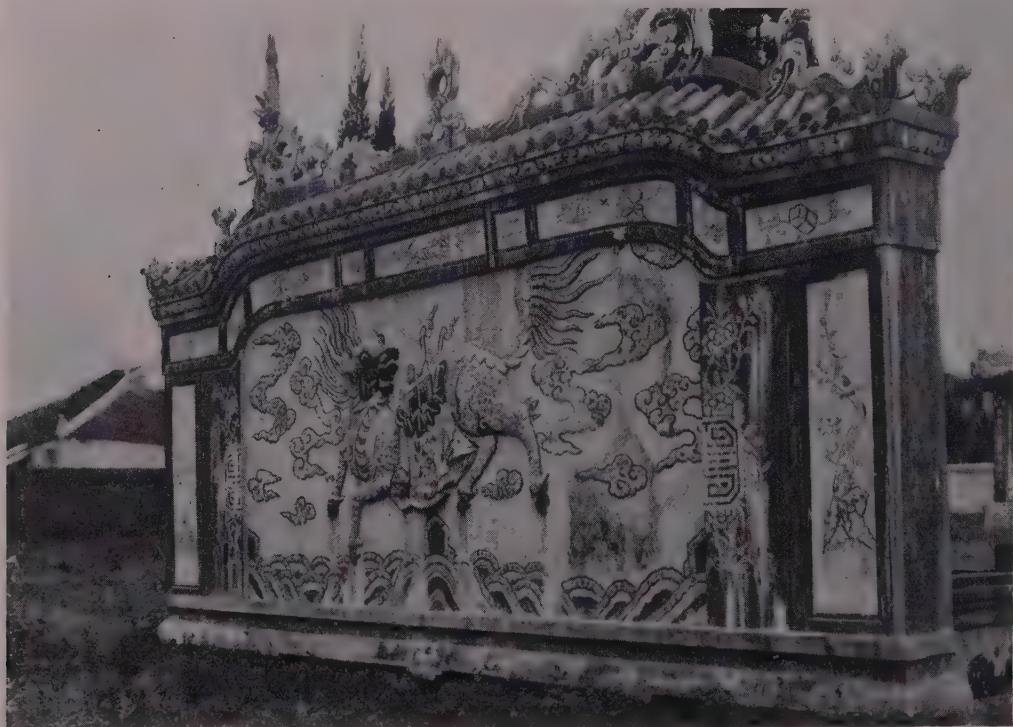
ing, hoeing, replanting, weeding or working the large racket-shaped scoops that shovel the tawny water from the runnels to the paddy-fields.

Rice needs as much care to grow as to cook. It is the most delicate of all cereals but it is the food of half the human race. It is not clear when wet rice as distinguished from dry or mountain rice was introduced into the old China of the north or what was the country of its origin, but the plant geneticians think that the islands and lands around the China Sea were its original home, so it may be that the eastern staff of life is indigenous to Indo-China. From rice is distilled a potent spirit which for ages in the lands of Chinese culture has been employed for sacrifice and in worship as well as for the pleasure of man. There is, in fact, reason to believe that the great god Shang-Ti of the old Chinese pantheon,

a deity afterwards identified with T'ien or Heaven itself, started his career as a rice demon.

The countryside is thickly peopled. Half-hidden in bamboo brakes and dense clumps of trees, surrounded by rills and pools covered with coffee-coloured ducks, villages crowd along the road and dot the landscape. Here, there and everywhere are the tomb-mounds. The more pretentious ones have stone slab doors facing south and some elaborate sepulture entrances are flanked with low semi-circular arms of stone which seemingly beckon men to join their ancestors. The living and the dead jostle each other.

The larger farms, all screened in thick foliage, have white arched entrance doorways topped with dragon finials of green and blue faience and are covered with bold inscriptions in black characters. The



E. N. A.

A screen to keep off evil spirits, before the entrance to a temple. As it is believed that such spirits can travel only in a straight line it is a comparatively easy matter to stop them



Paul Popper

Entrance to the Tomb of the Emperor Gia-Long, founder of the modern Annamese empire

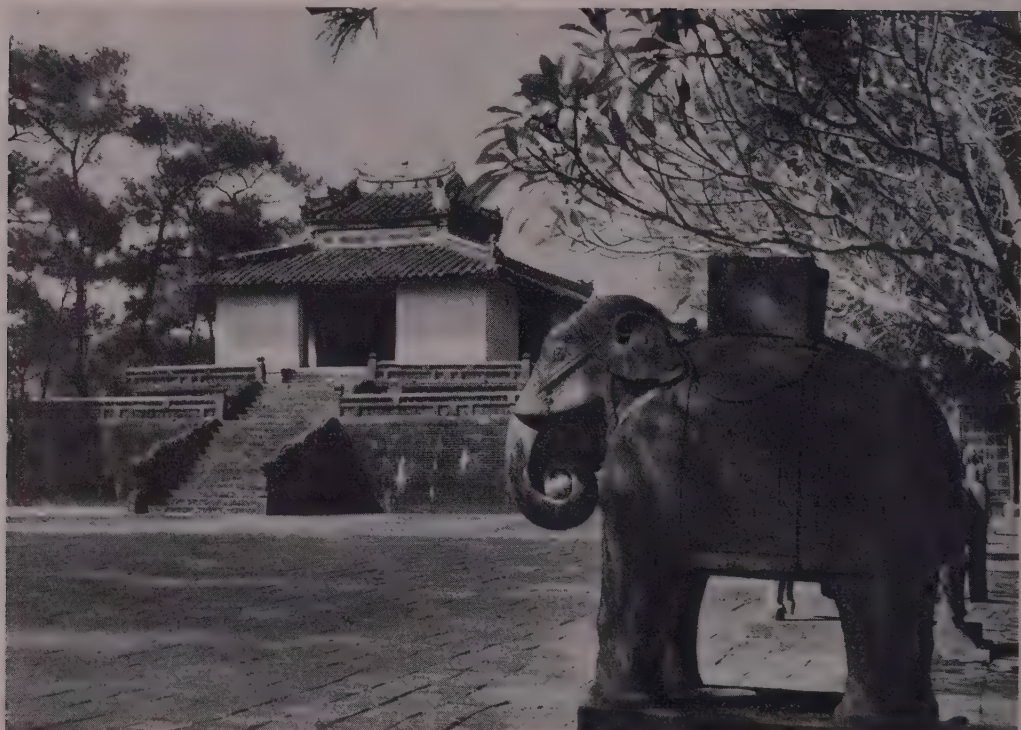
humbler huts are plastered with red paper streamers bearing gilt messages of good omen in the Chinese ideograms so few Annamese can now read.

Every now and then you come upon a beautiful old *dinh* or communal house of unpainted fumed timber. The iron-wood pillars, the overhanging upturned eaves, are ageless. It is a type of building China has given to all eastern Asia. From the shadow of a *dinh* looking towards the serrated ridges of Annam, all bathed in colours from palest grey to deepest purple, ridges so thin in appearance that the peaks and chains might be cut out of layers of cardboard, the scene is more Japanese than Japan itself can show—a colour-print by Hiroshigé. It is no wonder that the Japanese feel at home in Annam.

Here and there you see a white-washed temple surrounded by spirit walls gaudily

illuminated with dragons. Often, nearby, are clusters of men and women in bright holiday garb holding aloft scarlet, blue, green and yellow banners—a village festival to placate the spirits that haunt all things.

And everywhere—either wallowing in the mud, or sousing in the turbid water with only a shiny papillate nose showing, or belly-deep dragging the rice-ploughs through the slime, or standing still with a deceptively gentle expression in their lustrous brown eyes while the pure-white false egrets pick and scratch their rumps, or plodding and swaying along with a small boy sprawling on their withers—are the buffaloes, mud-caked, mud-coloured, their murderous horns moving slowly from side to side. They are, however, the most sympathetic of beasts until, under some intolerable provocation such as the sight



Paul Popper

The stone elephant on the terrace in front of the temple of the Emperor Minh-Mang's mausoleum. Although elephants roamed wild in north China 3000 years ago, and have always figured in the Imperial Court ceremonials, for centuries past the Chinese Court elephants all came from Annam. Their mahouts were Annamese who brought them to Peking as part of the tribute from the 'Pacified South'

of a sun-helmet, they become suddenly quite lively. Buffaloes like little boys much more than men. Women they dislike, and they will not allow, so it is said, little girls to mount them: this may be but a legend put forth to keep women in their proper places. But you never see little girls on buffaloes' backs.

Rice and buffaloes. They supply most of man's needs in the East. They are symbols of Earth and the most fitting sacrifices to Heaven. Nearly all the other and exotic substances the Chinese have ever needed for their worship are found in abundance in Indo-China or near its borders: silk and rhinoceros horns, jade and benzoin incense, aloes-wood and lacquer. . . .

Even the elephants which shock us at first in a Chinese setting are an infinitely old feature of Chinese ceremonial. They ran wild in northern China three thousand years ago. They are still abundant in Annam and until the fall of the Chinese empire, a generation ago, the imperial elephants in the Peking stables came from the 'Pacified South' and their mahouts were Annamese. These men and their beasts were a permanent reminder of the rich realm in the far south which the Chinese had made their own. They took part in the great procession on the night of the winter solstice when the Son of Heaven sacrificed to Heaven or on that of the summer solstice when the Emperor offered up to Sovereign Earth.

Hué, the City of Concord, is set in a vast natural park that extends far and wide on either side of the River of Perfumes and reaches to the foothills of the Chain of Annam. In its jungle-clad hills are savage tribes who will blow poisoned arrows down on you if you venture too near their dwellings. The tetanus-dealing darts are their way of warning you off, for these Mois, descendants of the old Indonesian inhabitants of the land, are the mildest of men when they trip humbly into the village plains and towns to sell or barter their humble wares.

As you near Hué, if you swing to the right instead of moving straight into the capital you can get a rare view of the Imperial City and make the best approach to it through the parks of the imperial tombs, the last abodes of the dead Sons of Heaven.

The imperial tombs are scattered about in this natural park which sometimes looks like Sussex and sometimes like the botanical gardens of Singapore. Most of the tombs are vast estates enclosed behind tall, weather-beaten walls. The farthest from the city and the first you see if you come upon the capital from the west is that of the Great Ancestor, Gia-Long, founder of the modern Annamese empire. You cannot drive up to the mausoleum: you must get out, climb into a little sampan and row up a winding, tree-screened stream and then walk through an avenue of trees as tall as the cryptomerias of Nikko and straight, until it swerves to the left to confound evil spirits—so you come upon the tomb from the rear. A dull patina of age lies upon everything. From plan, architecture and appearance the buildings might be hundreds or thousands of years old



A. H. Brodrick

The smaller elephants in an imperial procession. The dragon-embroidered clothes and the trappings are the same as those of the stone guardian-elephants of the Emperor Minh-Mang's tomb

instead of dating from the beginning of the last century. Such is the continuity of setting and ceremony in the life of old China.

All the tombs are laid out according to the Chinese prescriptions relating to the geomantic significance of landscape and all essentially consist of an entrance, an esplanade with rows of stone figures like those, made so familiar to us in pictures, on the avenues to the Ming tombs near Peking. Beyond the terrace is a temple housing the imperial tablets and relics of the Emperor. On either side are the lodgings of retainers, servants and guardians. Rising behind the temple is a portico sheltering the stele of record inscribed with the story of the reign's achievements. The burial place generally hidden under a barrow—the age-old funeral tumulus of Asia.

Since Gia-Long's time there have been eleven Emperors of Annam. Some live on in exile. Some have died in banishment. Of those buried near the banks of the Perfumed River five have noteworthy sepultures. They are the Great Founder himself and then the Emperors Tu'-Dù'c, Đông-Khánh, Thieu-Tri and Minh-Mang. It is difficult to pick out the most beautiful of the mausolea: Tu'-Dù'c's lotus pools and pleasure pavilions overhanging them where the sovereign passed much of his time; Đông-Khánh's small pink temple gay with blue and white porcelain revetments and lacquered and enamelled archways set against a background of blue-green Chinese pine-trees; Thieu-Tri's vast unwall'd burial palace with its triple dragon-bridges, scarlet and gold Hall of Venerated Beneficence, its Lake of Irreproachable Clarity spanned by causeways and bordered with flamboyant-trees and heavy-scented white-blossomed frangipane shrubs.

As you near the imperial capital you see the Fisherman's Tomb in the bushes near the edge of the Hu'ong-Giang, that is the River of Perfumes.

The reigning house of Annam springs from a village in the northerly province of Thanh-hoa—whence come those fine celadon wares, both native and of Chinese importation, which the tombs have yielded up for years past. These porcelains are now as highly prized by collectors as some of the Sung wares of China itself. In the 16th century the Nguyens were little feudal chieftains but one of them aided his sovereign, the Annamese ruler of the Lê dynasty, to recover his throne at Hanoi in what we now call Tonkin. The grateful monarch in 1558 rewarded Nguyen with the lordship of all the lands from the Sông Gianh to the mouths of the Mekong river in the extreme south. The appanage was less magnificent than it sounds for much of the territory had not even been conquered by the Annamese. It still belonged to the ancient and decaying realm of the Chams, a people of Malay stock and Hindu culture. The first Nguyen prince took up his residence at Hué, which was almost on the southern boundary of his domains, and thenceforward set in a steady and relentless push of the Annamese towards the south. If it ceased politically when the French annexed Cochin China under Napoleon III, it is still proceeding pacifically, since the Annamese filter in and establish themselves everywhere to the south and west of their own lands.

The Chinese held Annam or the Pacified South as an integral part of their empire for a thousand years after the conquest in the 2nd century B.C. and then pressed the Annamese into such a Chinese mould that they have never changed. After years of independence under native rulers the Annamese were again subjected to the Chinese by the Emperor Yung-Lo in the 15th century and although the southerners afterwards regained their autonomy, even after the foundation of the empire under Gia-Long and up to the French annexation of Annam and Tonkin in the 'eighties of the last century, the Annamese sent tribute, principally of elephants, to Peking and the



Paul Popper

Pier



Hué: a view of the Imperial City on the banks of the Perfumed River. The mountains in the background are spurs of the high ridge of Annam and in the traditional conception of Fêng-Shui or 'Wind-water' serve to protect the Imperial household from evil influences

Annamese girls bathing in the River of Perfumes and smiling, a rare thing in Annam. But in Hué the girls are pretty, and know it, and the presence of the Imperial Court makes for easier living



The investiture of the little hereditary Prince Bas-Long. Mandarins of high rank in their court robes attend him. Note the dragonfly wings to their bonnets and wing projections behind the girdles



The Empress Mother, widow of the Emperor Khai-Dinh, in her phoenix-embroidered robes, photographed on her fiftieth birthday in 1939

treaty which recognized the cession of the Pacified South to the European invaders was signed in Peking with the Manchu emperor.

In 1775 the Tonkinese revolted against their Lê sovereigns and, invading Annam, expelled the Nguyen princes. The ruling lord was assassinated, his brother was beheaded and his son, Nguyen Anh, fled south where the French were already installed. For twenty-seven years he struggled to regain his patrimony. By 1802 he had extended his rule over Tonkin as well as Annam but he kept his capital at Hué and did not seek to reside at Hanoi the old capital of the Lê kings. In 1806 he proclaimed himself Emperor of Annam with the Throne Name of Gia-Long.

The rebels of Hué had thrown into the waters of the Perfumed River the body and the severed head of the new sovereign's father. A fisherman drew up the head into his net and treasured it in his hut until Gia-Long returned to the palace of his ancestors when he reverently presented it to the new emperor. The fisher, for his sacrilegious temerity in touching the sacred head of a Prince was, of course, immediately put to death and for his loyal piety was buried by his sovereign in a tomb of almost royal magnificence, which you may see to this day.

The brief interlude of direct rule in Ming times had stiffened the Chinese grip on Annam. The Pacified South sought in all things to be a faithful copy of its magnificent, majestic and powerful neighbour to the north.

Gia-Long soon set about beautifying and rebuilding his capital which, today, has about 100,000 inhabitants. On the north bank of the Perfumed River there is the rectangular city of dull-red brick built to the plans of European engineers—an Annamese version of a Vauban fortified town. This small model Peking is divided like the Northern Capital into a Capital City, an Imperial City and a Purple Forbidden

City. On the south bank are scattered the suburbs of huts, houses, villas and public buildings among gardens, high trees, bamboo groves, little streams and lotus pools. Through this southern suburb winds a long shady road to the Nam-Giao that is the 'Southern Suburb' *par excellence*. The Chinese tradition makes for understatement of the most sacred things. The Southern Suburb is the navel of empire, the centre of the semi-theocratic state of Confucian tradition.

Here is held the triennial sacrifice to Heaven and to Earth, the last great imperial rite to survive in Asia. Already, soon after the Chou conquest in northern China (1040 B.C.), we have sovereigns calling themselves 'Sons of Heaven' (although the significance of this designation has varied greatly at different times and in different places), and offering up sacrifices to T'ien or Heaven on high places to the south of their cities, so that the ceremonies perpetuated by the Emperors of China until the fall of the Manchu dynasty in 1911 and still carried out in their traditional form by the Emperors of Annam are in their essence at least three thousand years old, even if in their details they date only from Han times; that is twenty centuries ago. Classical Confucianism, as elaborated under the Han Emperors, is a system of government and the philosophy thereof. One Universal Order is postulated which controls all the phenomena of nature. The Emperor is the depositary on earth of this celestial order. If he is virtuous, the divine influence passes without let or hindrance. Therefore the Sovereign must endeavour to enter into communion with the Universal Order and keep it favourable. The Celestial Mandate is always ephemeral and all dynasties go through a course of plenitude, of decline, of temporary revival and of final collapse. Therefore, if things go well with the people and the land, the Sovereign is legitimate because he holds the Mandate of Heaven. If things go badly, it is clear that Heaven

has withdrawn the Mandate and that the Sovereign is no longer either Son of Heaven or legitimate ruler. All this is a good and typically Chinese-reasonable antidote to autocracy. In these circumstances, the supreme importance of the Sacrifice of Heaven is plain, since upon its placatory and efficacious character reposes the whole structure of State.

The High Place, which the Emperor Gia-Long built in 1805 and modelled upon the Altar of Heaven in Peking, is set within a vast walled temenos with an entrance at each of the cardinal points masked with dragon-covered spirit walls. Around the inside of the enclosure is a sacred grove of tall trees and in the centre is the place of sacrifice composed of three balustraded terraces each within and above the other.



A. H. Brodrick

A military mandarin on his small, stocky Annamese pony in the procession of people who will take part in the Sacrifice of Heaven

The two lower are rectangular, the uppermost is circular and they communicate by means of four flights of steps.

The sacrifice takes place on an April night chosen by the imperial astrologers. Early on the morning of the preceding day the imperial procession sets out from the Purple Forbidden City to escort the Emperor to his House of Fasting where he remains in prayer and meditation until the hour of communion with Heaven.

The great cortège of more than two thousand soldiers, mandarins, bearers of the banners of the constellations and of the zodiac, dancers in blues and greens carrying flower-decked lanterns, the imperial altars, robe-chests, thrones and yellow parasols, the instruments of the cult of Heaven, the musicians, the military and civil dancers make up a brilliant mass of reds, yellows, blues and gold. Then come the imperial elephants caparisoned in trappings covered with scarlet and golden dragons and the Emperor in his black and gold palanquin. He is clad from head to foot in imperial yellow silks.

The procession takes a full two hours to wind from the Forbidden City across the River of Perfumes and along the tree-fringed highways that are set at short intervals with altars under red canopies and between screens of pine branches—symbols of immortality. The wayside shrines bear in Chinese characters the inscription 'Ten Thousand Years, Ten Thousand'. Clouds of incense from the gilded braziers waft over the crowd of men in black and women all gay with embroidered tunics, and the girls of Hué are among the prettiest in all the Far East. The men fold their arms and bow as the Sovereign passes. Formerly none might lift his eyes upon the Son of Heaven, who makes, of course, no sign of recognition to his silent people.

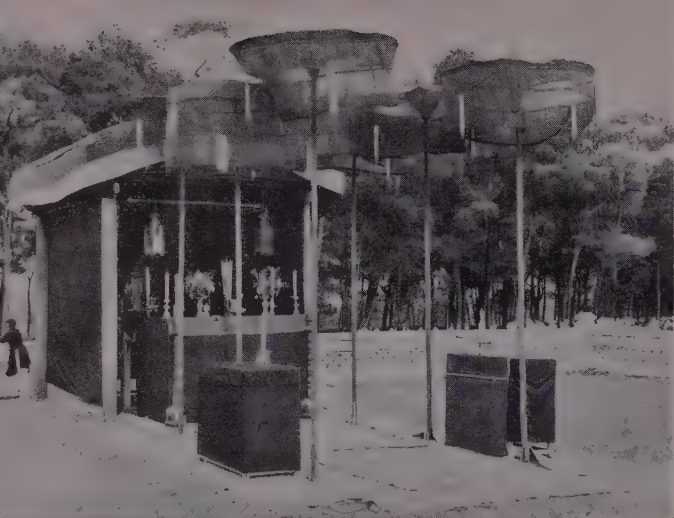
In the afternoon, there is at the Nam Giao a rehearsal of the ceremonies at which the Emperor does not appear. Then, only, can photographs be taken, but the



A. H. Brodrie

(Above) The procession passing along the tree-lined roadway through the suburbs of Hué towards the Nam-Giao. Little dancers of the court, in blue and green costumes, hold flower lanterns.
 (Below) The Emperor Bao-Dai in his imperial yellow robes seated in his black and gold litter on the way to the Sacrifice. Note the fans of honour, like those used in the Vatican





A dark blue altar on the second terrace. The subsidiary altars are covered in different colours according to the spirits there venerated: blue for heavenly, yellow for earthly. These conventions date back to Han times, i.e. 2nd century B.C. to A.D. 200



The celebrant mandarins taking part in the rehearsal of the ceremonies. The emperor's robes are, in cut though not in stuff or ornamentation, the same as those of the mandarins in the foreground



A set of twelve bells played during the ritual music. On the left is the musical tiger which growls, clicks and makes music to keep off the spirits, and perhaps in the far distant past wild beasts. The costumes of the musicians are red with yellow trimmings

dust, the glare, the chatter and the general air of a Government-House garden party distract the attention and rob the scene of all impressiveness.

On the Night of Sacrifice very few visitors are allowed within the temenos (sacred enclosure). Last year, I was the only non-French European present. Lamps twinkle on the enclosure walls and great lanterns at the four gates illuminate the huge banners of the cardinal points: black for the north, red for the south, white for the west and blue for the east: only the southern or auspicious entrance is open. High cressets set on long poles blaze at each angle of the lowest terrace. In the south-west corner of the Nam Giao the flames from the pyre of the buffalo-victims dance high and throw long shadows from the trees. The air is richly perfumed with the heavy scent of aloes-wood and benzoin incense. The dancers and the musicians with their instruments are massed in dark rows from the steps of the lowest terrace, on either side of the pathway to the south until they merge into the night.

The topmost, circular terrace is covered with a round, dark-blue tabernacle. Its opening is towards the south. The sacred tent is surmounted by a knop. The whole thing is strangely like the felt houses of the Central Asian nomads and goes back, doubtless, to the time of the Chou conquerors who brought with them their sacred huts from the west.

Inside the Azure House the altars to Heaven, to Earth and to the Imperial Ancestors are decked with flowers and hundreds of dark bees-wax candles. Each shrine is composed of a draped table with a dorsal of stuff at the top of which another piece of tissue set upwards at the angle of the roofing is studded with six large gilt roundels.

The Altar of Heaven faces the doorway. The ritual colour is blue for all the shrines to Heaven or the heavenly powers, and yellow for all the altars to Earth or the spirits of the soil. From the entrance a

great beam of brilliant light shoots out, cutting through the velvety blackness of the night.

At the Fifth Watch, that is two hours after midnight, the Emperor leaves his House of Fasting in his golden litter.

Slowly from the western side of the Holy Enclosure, and moving within the Sacred Grove, crawls a flickering line of torches.

The Son of Heaven is approaching.

The heralds scream out through the night in a piercing falsetto: "Ring the bells, beat the drums . . ."

The Sovereign is clad in the antique costume of the Emperors of China as High Priests of the Nation. On his head is a close-fitting bonnet surmounted by a rectangular board from which hang twenty-four pendentives, twelve in front and twelve behind. He is robed in a dark purple, long-sleeved, ample surcoat embroidered in gold with the Twelve Ornaments which only an Emperor may wear all together: the Sun with the three-legged Bird, the Moon with the Hare, the Stars, the Double Key-Fret, the Double Pheasant, the Aquatic Grass, the Axe-Head, the Mountains, the Double Dragon, the Temple Cups (one with a Monkey and one with a Tiger) and the Grains of Rice.

He wears a yellow, pleated kirtle and round his waist is a leather girdle studded with precious stones. From the belt at his side dangle long pendants of metal which with every movement make the ritual clanging noises that ward off evil spirits. Crossing his breast is a narrow golden stole and his legs and feet are encased in thick-soled, curly-tipped scarlet leather high boots.

The Son of Heaven clasps in his folded hands a long tablet of green jade.

The Emperor is slowly carried up the steps into the Azure House. His attendants and mandarins surround him. Some of them, the co-celebrants, are clothed in vestments like those of the Sovereign but all dull greens and blues and greys. Others, again, are wearing their

robes of state, long, richly-embroidered multi-coloured tunics, high boots, black bonnets with dragon-fly wing projections and girdles whose pennate ends stick out behind.

The long and complicated rite begins.

Nothing can be heard outside but the shrill and quavering voices of the heralds, the jangling and clicking of the metal pendants, the sizzling of the torches and from time to time a light breeze moving in the tree-tops. From time to time, again, the pyre of the buffalo-victims crackles as new firewood is heaped upon it.

The impression you get is of something so archaic as to be timeless.

Inside the Azure House three heralds hold up high before them three small rituals and from them they sing the rubrics in high-toned voices from very far away and long ago. They shriek: "Prepare to enter"—"Strike the Gong and the Drum"—"Let the Officiant approach, let him wash his hands and wipe them"—"Let His Majesty kneel"—"Let the dancers dance. . . ."

Throughout the ceremonies the Emperor walks with a peculiarly stiff, hieratic and antique gait and makes no turns but at right angles.

Essentially the ceremony is a communion in buffalo flesh and rice wine.

First comes the Washing of Hands, then, in order, the Cremation of the Sacrificial Buffalo, the Burying of the Blood and Hair (after the portions for Communion have been removed), the Offering of Incense, the Advent of the Spirits, the Offerings of Jade and Silk, the Offering of the Sacrificial Flesh and the Food of the Spirits, the First Oblation of Rice Wine, the Recital of the Prayer, the Distribution of the Offerings, the Second and Third Oblations of Rice Wine, and finally, the Imperial Communion.

Without, now and again, as the rites go forward, the dancers, lay and military, dance their stately steps to the sound of gongs, lithophones, drums, tiger-

piano, bells, trumpets and all kinds of music.

The singers sing their archaic songs: 'The Hymn of Happy Augury', the 'Chant of the Exquisite' or the 'Song of Approbation' in minor key and four-toned scale that Europeans cannot easily imitate.

The Emperor advances very slowly to the Altar of Heaven—the time spent in the Azure House is a whole watch of the night. Three times he advances and prostrates himself before the inscribed Tablet of Heaven. After each prostration he retires to his place farthest from the altar while new offerings are prepared. At last, the co-celebrants fetch from the innermost altar the rice wine and the buffalo meat now consecrated and holy.

The heralds chant 'Compose thy Mien' and after many genuflections, prostrations and obeisances the Sovereign kneels before the Altar of Heaven with, on either side of him, two co-celebrants. All the mandarins, acolytes, assistants and officials without the Azure House, before the subsidiary shrines on the terraces and before the great yellow-canopied altar of incense at the entrance of the tabernacle, fall down and touch the earth with their foreheads.

A celebrant calls aloud to the Son of Heaven: "Drink the Wine of Happiness". The Emperor takes the cup, raises it to his forehead and hands it on.

Another celebrant cries out: "Receive the Meat of Felicity". The Sovereign does with the platter as with the cup and for a few fleeting moments he enters into direct communion with the Divine Majesty of Heaven.

Part of the offerings with the prayer tablets are then burned while the 'Hymn of Celestial Succour' is intoned. Not long after this the Son of Heaven leaves the Azure House as he came to it and as slowly on his way of return to his House of Fasting.

The imperial procession fades into the night leaving streaks of light against the darkness.

